

November 1918

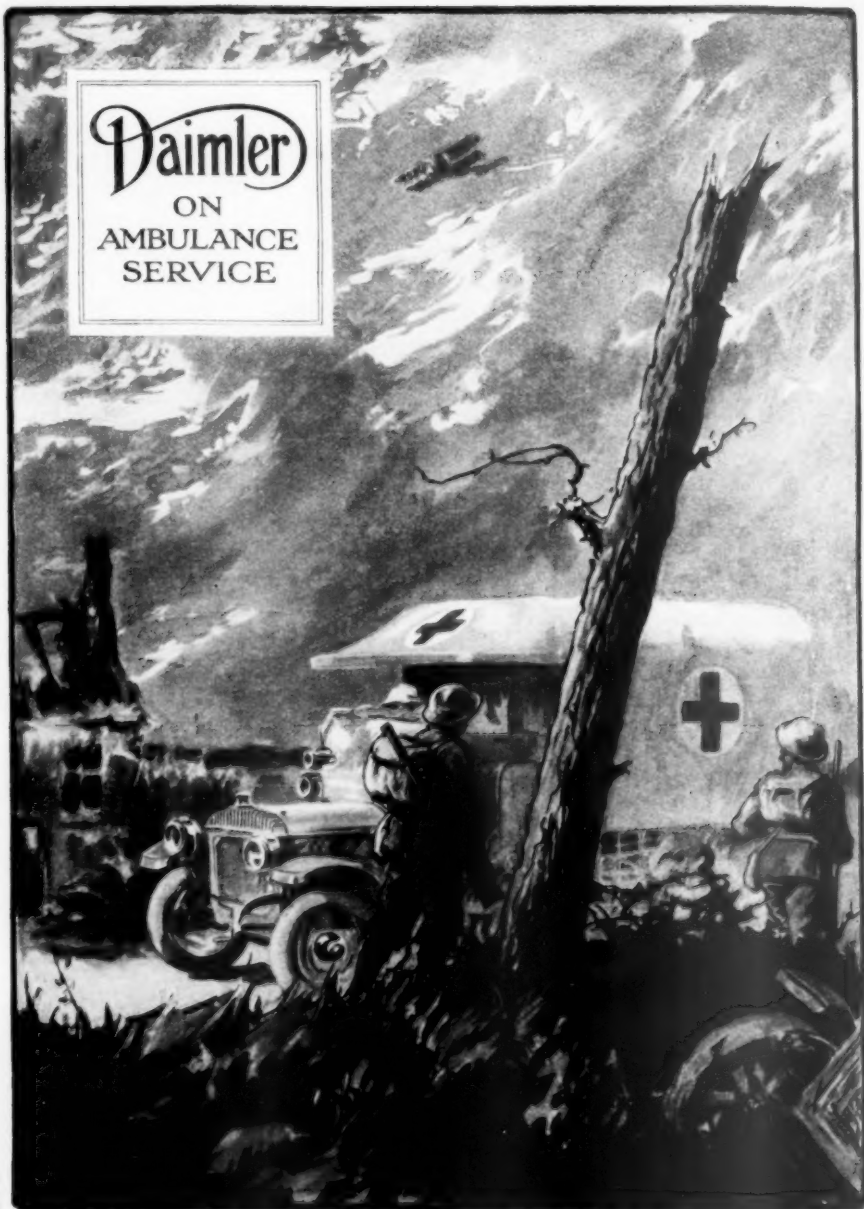
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The Quiver

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



Daimler
ON
AMBULANCE
SERVICE



Per. 1419 d 95



On Duty.

When on leave he needs a hot bath and a shave with a



It is the favourite razor in the Army and Navy because of its simplicity, compactness and durability. A really dependable razor at a popular price. It opens flat, and can be stropped without removing the blade. This construction also overcomes the difficulty of cleaning, which is the bugbear of so many safety razors.

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With a single touch it springs open and locks rigid for stropping or cleaning, and with another touch it instantly snaps together into accurately adjusted shaving position. It is the only safety razor costing less than a guinea which can be stropped without removing the blade.



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"7 O'CLOCK" STANDARD SET consists of heavily silver-plated stropping razor, six finest lancet steel blades in compact blade sheath, special strop in hinged partition as part of the case—the whole in handsome case measuring only 5 in. by 2 in. by 1½ in. deep **10/6**

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Fuller Particulars of the Sole Manufacturers:

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "7 O'CLOCK" SAFETY RAZOR, 61, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1C. 1.

SELL YOUR WASTE PAPER

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Ltd.,

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"PROUD AS A TURKEY-COCK."

"Why, Dad's quite a new man, and as proud as a turkey-cock of his new hair — says he had given up all hope and watched it getting thinner in despair."

"Queer things, men are; they don't think of trying a good thing as a woman does. Anyway, since we persuaded him to try that Wilson's stuff he's been watching the new growth like a child — and now you'd hardly know him with his fine bushy head."

THE STUFF THAT DID IT.

Wilson's Hair Restorer

Price 1/3, 1/11, & 5/- Postage 5c extra

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Or write to **PARTON, SON & CO. Ltd., Bull Ring, BIRMINGHAM**
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Hemstitched, Irish Linen, slightly imperfect, size about 11 to 12 ins. Half-dozen, 3/1, postage 1½d.; 1 dozen, 6/-, postage 3d. Send for monthly Bargain List to-day, free. **HUTTON'S, 185 Larne, Ireland.**

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Place one of these patent savers in your grate, you will notice the increased heat sent into room. Coals do not cake at the back, burning uselessly; fire is much brighter, and remains in a pleasant glow down to last cinder. A fire-grate fitted with one of these "Grates" coal-savers never refuses to light, a free circulation of air ensuring perfect combustion. Air cools torturing, it improves the fire — so burn it. A large quantity of coal is saved on each fire, and amounts of heat sent out greatly increased. Does not crack like a fire brick. Buy one now for a very small cost, and it will **SAVE YOUR COAL YEAR AFTER YEAR.**

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MAKES

VERY TASTY AND NOURISHING
BREAKFAST AND SUPPER DISHES

AS WELL AS

REAL CUSTARD, BREAD AND BUTTER, AND YORKSHIRE PUDDINGS.

OF ALL GROCERS AND STORES.

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Still the most appreciated Xmas Gift

To those on Active Service, as well as friends at home, you send the best gift when you send the best pen—a

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

"Self-filling" and "Safety" types, 2/6 and upwards; Regular, 4/6 and upwards. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

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It never fades or washes out, whether you prefer the kind used with or without heat.

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Used in the Royal Households.



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THE PERFECT NEST FOR BABY
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No hard substances or draughts to mar baby's comfort. Easily washable. No parts to rust. Packs small (weight 6lbs.).

Supplied with either Net or Canopy Support. Catalogue of Cots, Draperies, etc., post free.

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Cot sent free on 7 days' approval.

All our Nursery Specialities are British inventions and British-made.

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WHAT DOES
YOUR BRAIN
EARN?
for you.



£1000
A YEAR
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A YEAR
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A YEAR
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A YEAR

HAVE YOU EVER PROPERLY REALISED THE FACT THAT IN YOUR BRAIN YOU POSSESS THE FINEST MONEY-MAKING MACHINE IN THE WORLD?

There is practically no limit to the income-earning powers of the mind, when it is keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency of which it is capable.

By training your mind to greater efficiency you can put yourself in the way of earning twice, three times, four times the amount you make at present.

In every profession, business, and occupation, there is a demand for men and women with scientifically trained minds.

Over 400,000 men and women have already been trained to greater efficiency by the famous Pelman System, which develops just those qualities of Concentration, Memory, Initiative, Ideation, Self-Confidence and Administrative Power which are in the greatest demand to-day.

There are 70,000 British and Dominion officers and men studying the Course; including over 100 Admirals and Generals.

By training your mind on the Pelman System you can do better work (and better paid work) with infinitely less effort. A Course of Pelman Training is the finest of all mental exercises. It develops your mind as physical training develops your muscles. It is most fascinating to follow and takes up very little time. It is taught by post and can be followed anywhere.

Write to-day for a Free Copy of

Mind and Memory.

It tells you all about the successful Pelman System, and shows you how to increase the money-making powers of your mind. Send a post card or letter to-day to

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155 Pelman House,
Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

OVERSEAS BRANCHES—Melbourne: 46-48 Market Street. Durban: Club Arcade. Toronto: 25 Toronto Street.

BANISH HAIR POVERTY

Test Free the Effect of Harlene "Hair-Drill" in Promoting Hair Health and Beauty.

1,000,000 COMPLETE TRIAL OUTFITS FREE TO-DAY

EVERY woman looks into the mirror, and there is every reason why she should, for Nature has given to woman the gift of beauty, and there are none who have received more of Nature's bounty than the "English Rose."

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's, too, for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty free.

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to despatch to any reader a seven days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" outfit entirely free of charge.

TRY "HARLENE" FREE.

Two minutes a day "Harlene Hair-Drill" will quickly restore your hair to its best. If you are troubled with **Scurf or Dryness, Over-greyness of the Scalp, Thin or Brittle Hair, Splitting or Falling Hair**, you should obtain at once a Free Trial Outfit. All you have to do is to cut out and post the Free "Gift Outfit" Coupon below, which is published for your convenience.

The Gift Parcel contains:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and Tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uson" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. The new "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" (it occupies only two minutes a day), for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise.

It imparts new life to the hair, giving tone and nourishment to weak, impoverished, straggly hair; at the same time it is especially beneficial in maintaining well-conditioned hair in all its pristine freshness and beauty.

LETTERS OF PRAISE FROM ALL

Thousands of letters in terms of unqualified approval have been received by the proprietors of "Harlene."

Famous Actresses, Cinema Queens, and especially women workers in the munition establishments, in factories and offices, who have been worried over the condition of their hair—all have been particularly pleased with the wonderful results obtained from the practice of "Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO

Men, too, find "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dryness, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair health and beauty.

You will always be able to obtain future supplies of "Harlene" from your local chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle (in solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d., with full directions as to use). "Uson" Brilliantine costs 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1½d. per box of seven (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d. extra for postage direct to Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.



Does your hair fall out when you brush and comb it? Is it brittle, dry, over-greasy, weak, or lacking in lustre? These are hair-health defects which can be so easily and effectively overcome by "Harlene Hair-Drill." Try it to-day Free (see coupon below).

A short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make a wonderful difference in your personal appearance. It strengthens the hair, improves its growth, removes scurf, dandruff, and greasiness, and is a remarkable aid to hairdressing.

HARLENE 'HAIR-DRILL' GIFT OUTFIT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24, & 26 Lamb's Conduit Street,
London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. Enclose 6d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope—"Sample Dept.") QUIVER, Ltd., 1918.

“We that are strong.”

THE arrogant nations which imagined that they were strong enough to trample on the weak with impunity, are learning the inevitable lesson. They tore up treaties as things of no account. They broke the Divine law which champions the cause of the feeble. Now they are being taught that treaties are sacred; and that the power of Divine principles is greater than the power of “the Mailed Fist.”

Those who are strong are not endowed with strength so that they may crush those who are helpless; but, rather, that they may succour and sustain those who are weak. That is why Britain went to war. That is the principle which elevates existence, gives hope to the hopeless, help to the helpless, and comfort to those who have fallen on evil days.

[P.T.O.]

British Home & Hospital for Incurables.

ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W. 1.

Between NEW GROUND AND ALEXANDRA.

Bearing their infirmities.

"We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities
of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

—St. Paul.

"For even Christ pleased not Himself."

—St. Paul.

Black Stockings



The "Oramic" Stamp on a lady's black stocking or a child's sock guarantees that the dye is fast and stainless.

You can boil them (soap or soda) and neither the dye nor the soft cashmere finish will be affected. They will come out as soft and black as when new.

ORAMIC
Guaranteed
FAST DYE

Ask your Draper for them or write us if you cannot get them.
ORAM BROS.,
Dyers to the Trade,
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50 SOLID OAK BEDSTEADS
With Wire Mattress Complete
3ft. x 6ft. 6in.

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CHEAPEST HOUSE FOR BEDSTEADS.
HOUSE AND OFFICE FURNITURE.

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By the most successful editors
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64 pages of valuable information and advice
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THE QUIVER



THE FIRELESS GRATE

has no terrors for those who know the warmth-imparting virtues of

FORT-REVIVER,

the wonderful non-alcoholic tonic-liqueur which is as pure in its composition as it is incomparable for its strength and energy-giving properties.

"FORT-REVIVER"

keeps the cold *without* by maintaining a natural warmth *within*. As the blood warms the body so FORT-REVIVER

WARMS THE BLOOD.

It is a cheering, stimulating beverage, rich in nutrient elements and delicious to taste.

Lay in a stock of "FORT-REVIVER," and face the bleakest winter's day and the fireless grate with freedom from chill.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE. — Large size bottle, 5/6; smaller size bottle, 3/9.

Should you find any difficulty in obtaining "FORT-REVIVER," apply to H. & C. NEWMAN, London Offices (Dept. K), 41/42 Upper Rathbone Place, W. 1.

NEWMAN'S FORT-REVIVER

A LIQUEUR TONIC
FORTIFIES AND REVIVES.
Entirely British made and Non-Alcoholic.
Fruit Food—Double Highly Concentrated.

YOUR HAIR Permanently Waved By MARCEL'S

will defy SHAMPOOING, TURKISH BATHS or SEA-BATHING

This is because Marcel's, after many years of careful study, have perfected the method of permanently waving the hair to resist all conditions which in the ordinary way tend to give unsatisfactory results. The straightest hair can be permanently waved. Short hairs are made into small curls, producing a perfect, natural effect. In fact, when waved by Marcel's it is impossible to tell that the hair is not naturally wavy. The hair does not look frizzy, as is so often the case when not properly treated.

FREE DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS

are given at Marcel's Salons to those ladies who care to call at any time; but if it is not convenient to call, there are inexpensive devices by which ladies may wave their own hair at home with just the same permanent effect. The Outfits also produce quite natural and soft waves, no matter whether you use the Marcel "Perm" Outfit for £3 10s., "Grand Perm B" Outfit for £4 4s., or the "Grand Perm A" Outfit for £5 6s. The only difference lies in increased simplicity of use with increased cost. We shall be delighted to send to any address copies of testimonials and full particulars of the MARCEL PERMANENT WAVING OUTFITS FOR HOME USE, on receipt of the coupon at foot duly filled in. These outfits are specially suitable for use abroad, and for countries where heat, damp, and tropical conditions prevail. This has been proved over and over again by testimonials received.



STRAIGHT HAIR IS A NUISANCE

COUPON

The Secretary, MARCEL'S PERMANENT, LTD., 351 Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

SIR,—Please send me full particulars of the inexpensive MARCEL HAIR-WAVE for HOME USE, for which I enclose a 3d. stamp.

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should be in every household. The simplest and most effective remedy ever discovered for Colds, Nasal Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Influenza. Cures the Worst Cold in a Few Hours. 1/6, or by post 1/8, from all Chemists, or J. M. RANWORTHMAN, Chemist, Edinburgh.

CATARRH SCENT
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH (OLD) BOUGHT

Highest Value Assured. Up to 7/- per Tooth, pinned on Vulcanite; 12/- on Silver; 15/- on Gold; £3 on Platinum.

Cash or offer by return. If offer not accepted, parcel returned post free.

BEST PRICES PAID FOR OLD GOLD & SILVER JEWELLERY (broken or otherwise).

SAISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Kindly mention "The Quiver."

S. CANN & CO., 69a Market St., MANCHESTER.
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Every Housewife should keep a store of "JOYBELLS" CUSTARD. The creamiest and most delicious ever tasted. Everybody dotes on it for lunch, dinner, or dessert.

INSTINCTIVE, ENTICING, AND HEALTH-GIVING.

"Joybells" Custard is a Perfect Food.



Ask at your Store, or Grocers' for it.




JOYBELLS CREAMY CUSTARD

has been awarded the certificate of The Institute of Hygiene on account of its surpassing purity.


Manufactured and Guaranteed by the Standard Health Food Co., Ltd., Reading.

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THE MANUFACTURERS REGRET
THAT UNDER PRESENT
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IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE
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WITH THE GREATLY INCREASED
DEMAND.



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distribution to wounded Soldiers
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be obtained from :—

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TATCHO TALKS

Tatcho is a Royal Remedy

for the hair. It restores health and vigour and crowns the user's head with an abundant growth. It was introduced to the public by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the famous author, dramatist, and social reformer, and its merits have been recognised and gratefully acknowledged in every part of the world. Is your hair getting thin, is it lacking in life and lustre, is it fast falling out? then try

Tatcho

and prove for yourself that it will do for you what it has done for many thousands who were suffering in the same way. This preparation is not a sticky, disagreeable mixture, but a clear and pleasant remedy which should be sprinkled on the hair every morning and well brushed in. The result will astonish and gratify you. In view of the special offer made below what excuse could you offer for not giving Tatcho a fair trial?

CUT THIS OUT **SPECIAL TATCHO AND POST-TO-DAY COUPON**

A Full-size 4/6 bottle for 2/9. The TATCHO Hair Health Brush Free.

In order to prove the superlative merits of Tatcho, the Company, inaugurated under the auspices of Mr. Geo. R. Sims, has set aside, for trial purposes, 250,000 4/6 bottles of Tatcho for 2/9, and 50,000 Tatcho Hair Health Brushes, the latest scientific achievement in hairbrush construction. The cost of this unique brush is 5/6, but one will be sent free when six bottles are ordered for family use, or for distribution amongst applicants' friends. Each bottle of Tatcho bears the following guarantee of the discoverer:—

"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me."

Geo R Sims

Get your Chemist, who is authorised to do so, to supply a 4/6 bottle for 2/9, or will be mailed free from the **CHIEF CHEMIST, TATCHO LABORATORIES, Kingsway, London.**

Chemists and Stores everywhere, 1/3 and 4/6.

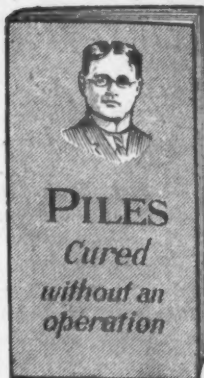
Tatcho FOR THE HAIR

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Write for it
TO-DAY!

The information given in this Free Book has saved hundreds from costly operations and years of cruel pain. It is illustrated with coloured plates, and describes in detail a subject little understood by most, yet of untold importance to anyone having any kind of rectal trouble.

Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon, after forty years' study, found a method of treatment which brings prompt relief to sufferers from **Piles, Fissure, Fistula, Constipation, and all Rectal Troubles**, no matter how severe. No knife, no pain, no doctors' bills—just a simple home treatment which can be tried by anyone **without risking the loss of a penny.** The publishers of this little book have received hundreds of letters telling of cures by this remarkably effective system, after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases are **usually controlled in a single day.** Send the coupon to-day for this Book, and we will include our complete regular 5/- treatment for you to try.



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Stockings and Socks that don't want mending **END THE MEND.**

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We will replace them absolutely FREE. Cut size no Extra Charge.

Holeproof Hosiery is so plastic that it gives to continued pressure and wear just as a sponge may be depressed by gripping in the hand, but still have no damage done to its fabric.

2 pairs Stockings 6/6 post 3d.
2 pairs Socks 6/6 post 3d.

Art Silk Holeproof (Guaranteed as above).

2 pairs Silk Stockings 12/6 post 3d.
2 pairs Silk Socks 9/6 post 3d.

Throw away your darning basket with its everlasting worry and eyestrain. A dated guarantee ticket with each pair.

Orders for 6 pairs intitled **FREE!**

Vaughan & Heather (Dept. 25), Gloster Place, Brighton.

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War-Time
Boots and Shoes
"Mascot Brand"



See that this Label is sewn inside your War-Time "Mascot."

OWING to the difficulty of securing material for the usual civilian Boots and Shoes, the makers of the popular Mascot Shoes for Ladies have included a War-Time Shoe in the range. It is made on a Mascot last by the same workmen and with the same care which is devoted to Mascot Shoes. To be sure you are getting a War-Time Mascot, look inside the shoe for the Mascot label illustrated above.

A Double Guarantee

There is a double guarantee with this shoe. Being a Government Controlled War-Time Shoe, it is made out of material supplied by, and to the specification of, the State Department, and being manufactured by the makers of "Mascot," who have a seventy years' reputation behind them for reliability and quality in the manufacture of ladies' shoes, it is bound to give you satisfaction.

*Write to the Makers for an illustration of the Shoe,
and the name of the nearest agent who has stock.*

NORVIC SHOE COMPANY (Howlett & White, Ltd.), Norwich.



Ess Viotto For the Hands

A Toilet Preparation for rendering the hands soft and white. Delightfully perfumed with the essence of the Violet.

A few drops rubbed well into the hands after washing makes them beautiful.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 1/10d, 3/6 & 5/- per Bottle.

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is in the using.

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is in the front rank

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FLOORS
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Then by means of the "QUICK" DOG POWDERS you can always keep him in the pink of condition, healthy, hearty, full of life, free from all Skin Diseases and other complaints, and also from the most objectionable troubles due to the presence of WORMS. Use these Powders with the utmost confidence; they are prepared from the recipe of one of the best-known and most successful Dog Breeders in the World. 1/6 post free 12, from F. R. PROSSER & CO. Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Spring Hill, BIRMINGHAM, or through any Chemist, Corn Dealer, or Stores.



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The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

Skin Torment?

Send

for this

Free Trial Bottle



REMEDY
FOR
ECZEMA
AND ALL
SKIN
DISEASES
D.D.D. Co. Ltd
LONDON E.C.4

YES, ABSOLUTELY FREE a trial bottle of the wonderful new skin discovery, D.D.D. Prescription. For a short time only we will send this generous test free. Don't delay

D.D.D. Prescription

is a liquid wash, a scientific compound recognised by physicians to be perhaps the most successful element in the cure of the skin known to science. Eczema, Psoriasis, Red Leg, Ringworm, all skin diseases, mild or violent, yield to the potent effect of D.D.D. It kills and throws off the disease germs that are buried deep in the skin. It heals quickly, permanently. It breaks as no salve possibly can. Salves clog the pores—they cannot penetrate to the deeply buried germs. D.D.D., with its soothing oils, leaves the pores open, and aids Nature to bring about a speedy complete cure.

All chemists sell D.D.D. (3/6). One bottle outlasts 6 boxes of salves or creams. Also D.D.D. Soap 1/-—the soap that keeps your skin always healthy, D.D.D. Shaving Soap for troublesome skins, 1/6. Or direct from our Laboratories.

FREE—Send To-Day!!

for the liberal trial bottle free. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Send no money—send no card will do.

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Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE WE HAVE PRODUCED AN APPLIANCE FOR MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN THAT ACTUALLY CURES RUPTURE.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing the Appliance, and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge, and having once seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day. It is well worth your time, whether you try our Appliance or not



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

TRUSSES WERE NO EARTHLY USE

High Street, Seal, near Sevenoaks, Kent.
I should like to say that I find great comfort in wearing your Appliance. I never thought I should have been able to take up my occupation as blacksmith again. Trusses were no earthly use to me, and caused me great pain, but now I can go to my work with ease and feel quite safe. I shall always take great pleasure in recommending your wonderful Appliance to those I come in contact with suffering from hernia.

THOS. COLLINSON.

A CHEAP AND INFALLIBLE REMEDY.

C. E. Brooks, 60 Oxford Road, Macclesfield.
Dear Sir,—After a year's wearing of your famous Rupture Appliance, I can find no words to express my admiration of such an excellent invention, and the benefit I have derived from its use. All you claim for it in your book, and all that your clients have said in its favour in their printed testimonials, I can fully bear out and confirm from personal experience. I am sure that hundreds of your Appliances would be instantly ordered if the unfortunate sufferers only knew of its existence. For my part, I feel that you deserve the universal gratitude of mankind for inventing such a cheap and infallible remedy for so widespread a complaint, and you are perfectly free to make what use you please of what I say in this letter.

Yours faithfully, ELLEN JARRETT.

PEOPLE SAY A MIRACLE HAS TAKEN PLACE.

Mr. Brooks, 15 Brook Street, Hay, Hereford.
Dear Sir,—I am more than thankful to tell you that, during the five weeks my sister has been wearing the Appliance she has had no pain whatever, and she is now able to go for walks. On Good Friday she walked out to the cemetery, which is out of the town, where she had not been for twelve years. She also sleeps and eats well, and is altogether a different person. People say a miracle has taken place. We both feel we cannot find words to express our thanks to you for your Appliance. Please use this letter if you wish. I shall do all I can to recommend your Appliance wherever possible, as it gives the greatest ease and comfort.

I am, yours very truly (Signed), Nurse M. PARMEE.

TEN REASONS WHY

You Should Send for the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in common trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and the prices are so reasonable, the terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon to-day.

PERFECTLY CURED AT 74.

To Mr. Brooks, Jubilee Homes, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.
Dear Sir,—I, Henry Salter, have much pleasure in saying that I am perfectly satisfied with the Rupture Appliance. You are welcome to use my name where the British flag flies, and all other nations on the face of the globe. Dear Sir, I cannot thank you enough for relieving my suffering. I shall recommend you to any of my friends. I am pleased to say it is a permanent cure.

I remain, yours obediently, HENRY SALTER.

P.S.—My age is 74 years, perfectly cured.

REMEMBER

We send the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day.
If in London, call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (638 L), 20 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, illustrated book and full information about The Brooks Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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ADDRESS
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"THE QUIVER" CHARITIES

Dear Readers,

Please show your gratitude to God for the victories of this closing year by sending a Christmas thank-offering to some of our great Charitable Societies.

I earnestly commend to your consideration the claims of the charities mentioned in the following pages. I shall be most pleased to receive donations for any of these.

Your friend,

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.
Christmas, 1918.

The Editor



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

The Editor of "The Quiver" is asking his readers in this issue to help him to raise

**£500 to Endow a Bed
in the Boys' Garden City,
Woodford Bridge, Essex.**

This Estate has recently been enlarged, a very generous anonymous friend having purchased, in memory of his son killed in action, the adjoining Estate for £3,250.

Will you help to name

"THE QUIVER BED"

in the new house?

(See Mrs. Lock's article with illustrations in this issue.)

"The Quiver" gift will be a patriotic one, for the amount will be invested in National War Bonds. It will thus assist the Nation in two ways—(1) The War Chest at a time when a great effort is being made to sell National War Bonds; and (2) it will help to train the Nation's coming manhood.

In "THE QUIVER BED" thus endowed will sleep a boy who is learning, day by day, the things that will fit him for a good passage through the deeps and shallows of the world—things mental, things moral, things physical and things spiritual—the things which are moulding his young life and his young soul into a calm and steady readiness for whatsoever call may come.

646 boys, some of the great family of over 7,000 children in the Homes, are at present in the Boys' Garden City.

Will you please help this good work?

Gifts should be sent to the Editor of "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, and should be marked "FOR DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES 'QUIVER' BED."

To the Editor of "THE QUIVER."

I enclose £ : : towards the Endowment of
"THE QUIVER BED" in Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Name

Dec., 1918. Address



CHARITABLE APPEALS.

The Editor of "The Quiver" will receive and acknowledge any Donations or Subscriptions for the under-mentioned Charities that are forwarded to him, addressed La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Have We Done All We Can?

THE GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE REPORTS:

"Utter disregard by the German Government of its obligations with reference to Prisoners of War.

Consistent semi-starvation.

Refusal of clothing or warmth to men enfeebled by want of food."

We must not allow any rumours of approaching peace to make us relax our efforts in alleviating human suffering. Supplies for our men are needed more than ever now that Germany is in such straits.

What Will You Do?

You can best help by sending a donation without delay to—

The Editor of this magazine, or to

Rev. Hugh B. Chapman (Founder), 7 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.



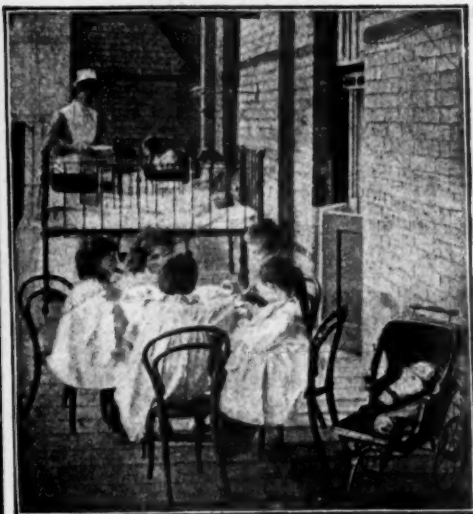
**THE ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF
BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR.**

President: THE COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH.

Vice-President: LADY PHYLIS WINDSOR CLIVE. Chairman: Mr. D. N. SHAW.

Registered under the War Charities Act.

Authorised by the Central Prisoners of War Committee.



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Late "North Eastern" Hospital,

HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.

President: The Earl of Shaftesbury.

**134 Beds always full.
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PLEASE HELP.

T. GLENTON-KERR, Sec.

CHARITABLE APPEALS.

The Editor of "The Quiver" will receive and acknowledge any Donations or Subscriptions for the under-mentioned Charities that are forwarded to him, addressed La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Colonial & Continental Church Society

Never have the Overseas Dominions been bound to us by closer ties than now. Shall we not show our oneness by aiding their spiritual need?

In the far parts of the prairies, "back blocks," and the mining camps thousands of our own white brethren are without the means of grace—no minister, no church, no services, no one to teach the children of Christ, no one to visit the dying.

The Colonial and Continental Church Society exists to help these kinsmen of ours. Please help them by helping the Society.

Secretary: The Rev. J. D. MULLINS.
9 Serjeants' Inn, Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

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Others similarly bereft await admission.

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The Charity is wholly dependent on Voluntary Contributions.

Donations will be thankfully received by

ALEXANDER GRANT, Secretary.

Offices: 73 Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

THE PRICE OF FISH

FOR more than four years our deep sea fishermen have confronted perils which have brought out the high courage for which they are famous. They have won the admiration of the whole country, and they are entitled to its gratitude. That gratitude can best be shown by practical help, and such assistance can best be administered by a long-established society whose sole work is amongst our splendid toilers of the deep. That organisation is

THE ROYAL NATIONAL MISSION TO DEEP SEA FISHERMEN

which ceaselessly attends to the spiritual and physical needs of our fishermen, afloat and ashore, and has done much for their widows and orphans and dependents. Fish is dear in these days—the consumer pays a heavy price; but the fisherman pays a far heavier one in toll of life and limb and property, and on his behalf the Council of the Mission earnestly appeals for help.

All contributions will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary.

FRANCIS H. WOOD,
Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen,
181 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

THE NEED WAS NEVER GREATER
— THAN NOW FOR THE —

800 RECREATION HUTS, TENTS AND CENTRES

MAINTAINED BY THE

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(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916)

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VICTORIOUS TROOPS

in BELGIUM and FRANCE, PALESTINE and MACEDONIA;

also in Italy, Malta, Egypt, Mesopotamia, East Africa and India, and in home camps and at remote naval bases.

Huts of lined canvas, easily taken down and re-erected to accompany the Troops, cost £400 fully equipped. More are urgently needed, and maintenance is a heavy strain.

LONG AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

the need will continue. Funds are also urgently required for numerous other branches of war work, and for the post-war activities for which the Church Army is preparing.

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WE CANNOT RELAX OUR EFFORTS
in any direction.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Cardile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, London, W.1.

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The Successful Sick-Room Food

Care Needed.

THE food for a sick person of any age must be carefully selected. Not only should it be pure and palatable but supply concentrated nutriment in an easily assimilable form, and be welcomed as an alternative to ordinary milk and farinaceous foods.

The Problem Solved.

The 'Allenburys' Diet provides complete sustenance. Made from natural ingredients only—rich milk and whole wheat—by a special process of manufacture it is most appetising and soothing in distressed conditions, and is no trouble to digest. The 'Allenburys' DIET can be taken indefinitely without creating distaste.

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It is portable and instantly made ready for use by adding Boiling Water Only.

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For Adults

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Obtainable of all Chemists

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Dizziness and Faintness

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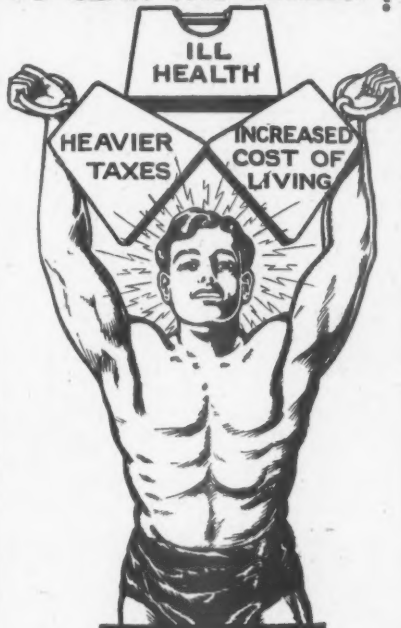
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TO BEAR THE BURDEN ?**



In these strenuous times we must have our full resources at our command. Weakly and suffering, you cannot bear the strain. You require vigorous health and strength, and these you will only regain with Nature's own remedy: Electricity.

The celebrated "Ajax" Dry Cell Body Battery gives you just the right nature of current, of sufficient volume to saturate your whole system with this life-giving element. **It infuses new energy, vim and power into every single nerve, muscle and tissue of your organism.** You just apply the Battery for one hour daily, whilst resting, and this new life is pumped into your body without shock, inconvenience or irritation of any kind. It is powerful, but soothing, and thousands of "Ajax" patients will tell you that it achieves all we claim for it.

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WE SEND IT FREE

It costs you nothing, so write at once. You will then learn how Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Paralysis, Borel, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles, and a host of others, are cured by the most successful treatment in existence. Write whilst you have it in your mind, and this most interesting book, fully illustrated, will at once be sent to you, **FREE OF ALL CHARGE**, by return of post. It will be an eye-opener to you, so write to-day, now.

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Holds no loose oil, and can be thrown about without danger. The work is everlasting, **never needs re-winding.** Immediately goes out if knocked over, cannot explode. Price 4d., post 1d.; 2 for 6d., post 2d. Stamp accepted, 4d. preferred. So cheap, can be kept alight all day and used instead of matches. Illustrated in our Novelty List included. Agent wanted 1d. at up.

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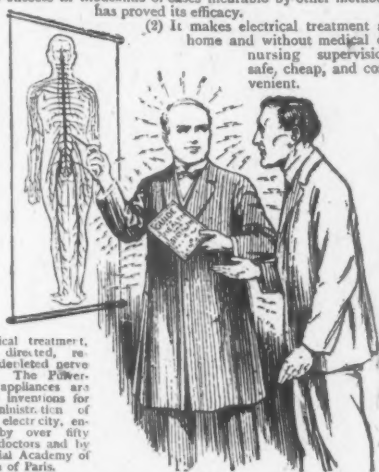
THAT you are not asked to make any risky experiment in undergoing treatment by electricity is proved both by the wonderful success of the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment in a great number and variety of ailments, and by the fact that these successes have completely won over medical men in its favour. This conversion is the more remarkable because there is no more conservative body of men.

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(1) Its success in thousands of cases incurable by other methods has proved its efficacy.

(2) It makes electrical treatment at home and without medical or nursing supervision safe, cheap, and convenient.



Electrical treatment, skilfully directed, vitalises depleted nerve centres. The Pulvermacher appliances are the only inventions for the administration of curative electricity, endorsed by over fifty leading doctors and by the Official Academy of Medicine of Paris.

- (3) It is the most perfect way yet discovered of applying electricity for the relief of pain and cure of illness.
- (4) It is superior to all medication; drugs containing no vital power in themselves, while electricity possesses power in itself transferable to the human system.
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- (6) It is Nature's own stimulant for every weak and enfeebled organ and every flagging function.

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The greatest neurologists, including Erb, Beard, Loeb, and hundreds of the foremost medical thinkers, now agree that electrical treatment, skilfully and scientifically directed, will revitalise depleted nerve centres (as in neurasthenia, debility and nervous dyspepsia), restore sound digestion, invigorate the circulation and increase the daily and necessary elimination of the waste products that, if uneliminated, are the greatest source of all diseases.

OVERWHELMING MEDICAL EVIDENCE.

In a most interesting little book entitled "A Guide to Health and Strength," which every sufferer from neurasthenia, indigestion, liver or kidney troubles, rheumatism and gout, anaemia, heart weakness, insomnia, and indeed any nervous or functional disorder should get and read, not the least interesting feature is the convincing and overwhelming mass of medical and scientific evidence supporting the methods employed in the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment.

This fascinating and helpful little book will gladly be sent to anyone interested.

Simply send a post card requesting a free copy to the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, 17 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

We invite you if you possibly can, to call, and without any obligation examine the Pulvermacher Appliances, and enjoy a special consultation with the Head Superintendent, between the hours of 9.30 and 6.



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THE Munition Worker need have no fears for her complexion if she has the protection of Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream. This delightful Toilet Cream is non-greasy and ensures a clear, cool, supple skin, a complexion of dainty bloom, even if the worker's days are spent in the dusty atmosphere of the workroom.

A little Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream rubbed on the skin night and morning and at intervals during the day will keep the pores clear, and also prevent the skin from becoming rough and dry. A tube or dainty pot is easily carried.

Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream is non-greasy and will not promote the growth of hair.

*In Tubes, 7½d. & 1/-
Pots, 1/-*

VINOLIA COMPANY LTD



Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder is a boon to munition workers. It absorbs excess perspiration and protects the skin. Delicately perfumed.

Tins, 1/- & 1/6.

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SEND THIS MAGAZINE TO THE TROOPS

The Editor's Announcement Page

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

By the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P. (Food Controller)

The New Outlook

NEXT month I am giving a very important article by Mr. Clynes, the Food Controller, dealing with the situation after the War, and what we ought to aim at in the days of Peace. Mr. Clynes speaks not only as one of H.M. Ministers, but as a working man, and the article should create a deep impression.

After Demobilisation

Another timely article will deal with the question of finding homes for the

returning married soldiers, and will make some interesting suggestions.

Stories

The January number will be published on December 27, and most of the stories will be "Christmassy." See that your bookseller has a standing order for THE QUIVER.

The Editor

[For Contents of this Number see over.]

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"THE QUIVER" CONTENTS, Dec., 1918

| | | |
|---|------------|--|
| The Christmas of My Life. Story by D. H. PARRY. Illustrated by A. C. Michael | PAGE 79 | WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK. Serial PAGE Story. Chapters VII-IX. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by A. C. Michael . 117 |
| A Carol. By MAUD E. SARGENT | 88 | The Christmas "Card." Story by ETHEL TALBOT. Illustrated by Stanley Davis . 133 |
| Sonny. Story by L. G. MOBERLY. Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds | 89 | Hand-made Christmas Gifts. A Selection of Really Practicable and Appealing Articles. By NORA WALDRON. Illustrated from Photographs |
| Christmas Presents. By GRACE MARY GOLDEN. Illustrated by E. P. Kinsella . 96 | | 138 |
| Uncle. A Christmas Story of Nether-Applewhite. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. Illustrated by Norah Schlegel | 99 | When the Day Grows Longer. By the EDITOR |
| Tidings of Great Joy. A Christmas Message. By JOHN OXENHAM | 109 | 143 |
| Fighting the Cold. By H. MORTIMER BATTEN. Illustrated from Photographs . 112 | | Change in the Christmas Menu. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR |
| Christmas, 1918. Poem by AGNES M. MIALL | 116 | 145 |
| | | "The Quiver" Army of Helpers. Conducted by MRS. R. H. LOCK (BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF). Illustrated from Photographs |
| | | 148 |
| | | Section for Younger Readers: Christmas Legends. Conducted by "DAPHNE" . 153 |

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splendid!"



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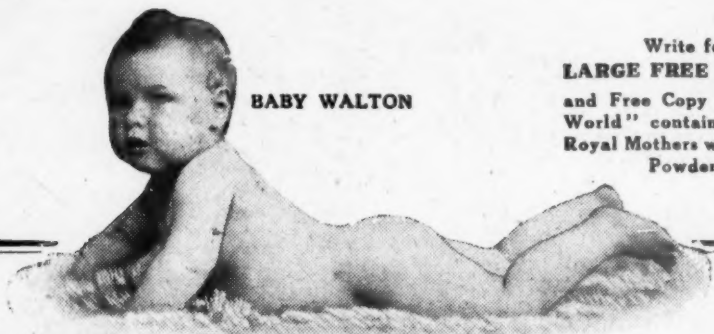
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THE CHRISTMAS of my LIFE

by

D. H. PARRY

Nollifant's letter was the pivot around which everything turned, and in the chaste seclusion of my dug-out I opened

it at last. The great bond of sympathy between Nollifant and myself was our intense love of old-time days and ways, and I nearly jumped out of my gum-boots as I read my friend's screed.

"You remember that ripping place, Highmoor Manor, which we struck when we were on our fishing excursion," he wrote. "Joy with me, old chap, for I have bought it, lock, stock, and barrel, with all the antique furniture and contents, and the complete rights in anything that may be discovered during its restoration. You're in for Christmas leave, I know, and you must spend it with me. Drop me a line to say it's fixed up, and we'll have the time of our lives. Think of it, Dick—acres of linenfold panelling; Charles chairs in their original state; a 'priest's hole,' and a traditional ghost! You've always called me lucky, and I begin to believe you're right. Anyway, consider Christmas booked, unless you beggars are in Berlin, and that I doubt."

I looked out through the canvas curtain of my quarters which afforded me a peep of sandbags and the legs of the man at the periscope, and I envied little Nollifant his good fortune.

CHAPTER I

Which Shows the Folly of Taking Things for Granted

WE were just taking over from the North Staffords, and Nollifant's letter had followed me up to the firing line. The "Little Potters" filed away down the communication, grimy and grinning, to their well-earned rest, leaving me to string out my company along 1,200 yards of front line trench, Flanders mud every inch of it, pressed down and brimming over on to the fire-step, and very foul and forbidding in the grey of the November dawn.

We had been warned that the Bavarians were in front of us and might give trouble; but this story has little to do with fighting.

THE QUIVER

Remember Highmoor Manor? Was I ever likely to forget those ten days he and I had spent with the dry fly among the limpid trout streams in that north-country paradise; or Daphne, the daughter of mine host at the Mulberry Inn, the prettiest girl in Westmorland?

I wrote to Nollifant there and then, assuring him that wild horses, let alone "Fritz," should not prevent me accepting his invitation. I warned him that we were likely to be moved to another sector shortly, and that he might not hear from me again, but "I shall turn up on Christmas Eve," I concluded, "so pile up the Yule log, don't put too much spice in the wassail bowl, and look to it, thou varlet, that the Cromwellian four-poster in the Red Room be well aired, eh, what?"

I turned up according to promise, hesitated whether I should wire him from London, decided against it as I had only just time to catch the last available train, and found myself the sole passenger to alight at the little station on Christmas Eve, and snowing hard at that.

The anticipated warmth of the welcome that was awaiting me lulled the sense of chill that made me shiver inside my British-warm as I climbed into the solitary ramshackle fly that waited in the station yard.

The driver was old and very deaf, and the name of Nollifant made no impression on him.

"Mr. Nollifant, the author, who has bought Highmoor Manor," I bellowed in his ear.

"Highmoor Manor?—yes, I know. Why didn't you say so afore?" growled the old man as he closed the door after three ineffectual attempts, and as the wheels began to scrunch I felt an almost schoolboyish feeling of delight. A right old-fashioned Christmas in a right old-fashioned house! Ye gods! How I had been looking forward to it ever since I got Nollifant's letter!

And then there was Daphne! The red blinds of the inn glowed cheerfully as the fly lurched past it, and I was almost tempted to bid the driver stop, but he had whipped his ancient steed into a jog trot, and I denied myself.

To-morrow I would drop in and renew acquaintance with honest Tom Sparrow, and look once more into Daphne's soft

brown eyes, which had been with me so often in the trenches.

I was dreaming of them when the vehicle stopped with a jerk, and it was a great relief to see the solid stone piers and the hammered iron scroll work of the Manor gate, for the drifts had proved very heavy, and more than once I doubted whether the horse would hold out to my journey's end.

The snow was up to my knees when I alighted, and the old man was sitting tight on his box. He growled something unintelligible, which I took to mean that he had no intention of facing the private road up to the house. I did not blame him; in fact, I took the horse's head and helped him to turn, and when he had started back for the village I pushed the iron gate open with great difficulty, and ploughed my way up the carriage drive.

A keen north wind sang harshly through the fir trees, whirling the big flakes so thick and fast that I found it as much as I could do to negotiate the drifts with my heavy suit case. A perfect blizzard was raging as I turned a twist in the drive, and I was close to the house before I could make out its outline.

"At last!" said I, seizing the knocker, impatient of the momentary pause before the great door should swing open and the red light come pouring out to greet the welcome guest.

The thickness of the snow made it quite obvious why Nollifant had not taken his car down to meet me, but I felt they might have opened that door a little quicker than they did.

"Hang it all!" I exclaimed, as I plied the knocker again.

Something in the hollow echo warned me that all was not quite as I had anticipated. Again and again I thundered on the portal, and then the awful thought flashed through my mind that Highmoor Manor was still an empty house!

Warm as I was after my flounder from the lodge gates, the bare idea of it turned me cold, and stepping backwards to examine the front of the building for some ray of light I encountered the full blast of the blizzard that still continued, and quickly took shelter again under the porch.

I kicked and banged the stout panels, and plied the knocker with might and main, but there was no response beyond that

THE CHRISTMAS OF MY LIFE

rolling echo which died away in the interior of the old house.

It was very serious, for I was five miles from everywhere, and to attempt to find my way to the village again when one could not see one's hand before one would have been the act of a fool. Either I had misread his letter or Nollifant had not yet taken possession after all. It was quite obvious to me now that he would be impatiently expecting me in his snug little flat at Hampstead, and that I was a fool for my pains.

One learns to act promptly at the front, when a moment's indecision may cost you your life, and, what is perhaps more to the point, the lives of half your company. I had a flask in my suit case and my sandwiches remained uneaten, so I could camp out very well.

At all costs I must get into the house and make myself as snug as possible until daylight, so hugging the wall I hunted along it until I found a window in the servants' quarters, which I promptly broke with my elbow, and shooting back the hasp, lifted my bag over the sill and climbed in after it.

There were obvious signs that Nollifant had lost no time, for there were ladders and planks and pails of white-wash in the passage as I made my way to the entrance hall, flashing my pocket torch over the brown oak panelling and the suits of armour that looked ghostly in their niches.

I opened a door at the bottom of the staircase, one of the most perfect Jacobean specimens I have ever seen, and found not only signs of a fire having been made on the hearth, but a sack of coal and a pile of wood in one corner.

"After all, it might be worse," thought I, "and to-morrow I shall see Daphne!" which was enough to console one for the discomforts of a winter night, to say nothing of that journey from one end of England to the other.

I soon had the fire going, dried my boots and leggings, and pulling up a big red velvet covered chair, looked round about me and laughed. A great feeling of thankfulness possessed me as I contrasted that grand old room with some of those grand old châteaux desecrated



"I stole along the passage"—p. 82.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

THE QUIVER

by German shells, in which I and my lads had been glad enough to take shelter.

The blaze flickered and shone on the panelling, and everything was wonderfully silent. The snow outside seemed to muffle all sound, and it was a mighty relief to be rid of the shell bursts which had punctuated my previous Christmas Eve.

"Dear little girl!" I murmured, seeing her face smiling at me in the firelight, "I wonder if those really were tears in those brown eyes of yours when we said good-bye three years ago, or am I just a conceited idiot? Anyhow, I'll know something tomorrow, sink or swim."

My wristlet watch told me that it was ten minutes past eleven, and I pictured Nollifant's disappointment at not seeing me. "Poor old Nollifant! I don't quite know who's got the laugh after all, you or I," I said.

And then I looked at the door. Was that a footfall or only the Manor House talking in its sleep? All old houses talk at night, and the older the house the more it has to say.

I listened for a few moments and then sat up. Someone turned the handle of the door, which I must have locked from force of habit, and my impulse to sing out "Hallo, who's that?" was checked by a voice.

"The workmen have fastened this up," it said. "Rummy old place—they knew how to build in those days, Jeff."

"What-o!" said another voice. "Come on, there's better armour than this in the Tower, and we're late as it is. If it goes on snowing at this rate it'll take us all our time to catch that train at the junction tomorrow morning, and we don't know what we've got before us downstairs."

The sound of several men walking quickly died away in the distance, and when I had secured a pistol from my suit case I unlocked the door softly and peered out into the darkness.

The silence of the empty house and even its traditional ghost had no terrors for me, but there was something here I did not understand, and away at the far end of a long corridor leading to the west wing the wavering light of candles revealed several retreating figures. They stopped suddenly, and I counted four of them as they turned off sharply to the right hand and disappeared.

"Mind how you go, the second step's

broken," shouted a voice which I identified as that of the man who had disparaged Nollifant's armour.

As I switched on my torch to locate the passage, those old-time warriors in their plate of proof seemed to be listening too, and with every nerve on the qui vive I stole along the passage, glad of the strip of matting on the polished floor that deadened my footfalls.

I came suddenly to the door in the panelling, a black cavernous opening that reminded me of the entrance to a German dug-out, but I had no bomber at my elbow now, and I was single-handed against four men, whose presence there at that time and place was decidedly suspicious, to say the least of it.

Something clanged far down in the vaults, followed by a shout of laughter. The sound was like a bag of tools dropped heavily on to the stone floor, and there flashed across my mind that sentence in Nollifant's letter in which he had said that the complete rights in anything that might be discovered during the restoration of the Manor were his!

"What-o!" I whispered, repeating the exclamation I had overheard through the locked door, "I thought the days of buried treasure had passed and gone," and instantly making up my mind that at all risks I must see into this thing, I crept down the steps and was rewarded by the sight of a vaulted doorway brightly outlined against the light of several candles.

Inch by inch I approached it, and as I peeped round the angle, one of the men said excitedly: "Peter's plan was right, and we've struck the boodle. Now then, all together, up she comes!"

They had raised a stone slab in the floor of the vault, and I watched them lift something out of the hollow, a big iron-bound coffer which took the combined efforts of three of them to move, while the fourth man held a candle for them.

My heart was pounding against my Sam Brown belt, and I was as excited as the robbers, for the whole thing was clear to me now, and I remembered how old man Sparrow in the cosy parlour of the Mulberry Inn had told us of a tradition of family silver buried in the Manor vaults in the days of Border raiding, and never discovered again.



"I watched them lift something out of the hollow."

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

THE QUIVER

Even at that moment I felt a thrill of admiration at Nollifant's cuteness in inserting that clause in his agreement, and I knew it was up to me, if possible, to secure that treasure for my friend.

"Phew! Some weight there, Jeff!" panted one of the four as he straightened his back.

"Sure," said another man with a strong American accent, and dropping on to one knee he rummaged in a leather brief-bag and produced a long steel jemmy.

One of the men leaned forward to light a cigarette at a candle flame, and our eyes met.

I had protruded head and shoulders round the corner of the doorway, and the light glinted on my buttons.

"Look out!" he shouted, and they all turned.

The kneeling man let the jemmy fall with an oath, dived his hand into his overcoat, and fired from the pocket, his bullet starring on the stonework within six inches of my head, and I pressed my trigger.

He loosed a yell, so I must have hit him, but one of the others knocked the candles over and plunged the vault into darkness; and as I cried "This way, men, we have them!" there was an immediate stampede out through another door I had not noticed, and I heard them pound up the wooden steps. I loosed another shot at random to keep them on the move, but there was no necessity. They had "got the wind up" thoroughly, and I did not envy them their flight through the snow-drifts. The sound of their flight grew fainter and fainter, a distant door banged dully, and once more silence reigned.

For a long time I stood quite still, and I knew they would not return. They had not realised that I was alone; otherwise, the chances are things had ended very differently for me. When at length I switched on my torch and relit the rascals' candles I saw that the deft-fingered "crook" had wrenched off the lock of the coffer, and there remained only two iron bands to secure the lid.

The chest was a dream in itself to a man of my temperament, and unable to restrain my curiosity as to its contents, I applied myself to the task of opening it. One of the bands gave quickly enough; the other was stronger, and required several taps of the jemmy before it snapped.

"Now," I laughed, sitting back on my heels, "we shall see what we shall see!"

"Put your hands up, Doggie Johnson, we've got you this time! If you move a finger I fire!" said a voice behind me, and beyond the muzzle of a double-barrelled sporting gun I saw the uniform of the County Constabulary!

CHAPTER II

"For the Term of my Natural Life!"

"GOOD evening," said I, laughing. "I admit appearances are against me, but if you'd come a quarter of an hour ago you'd have nabbed the whole outfit."

"Oh, indeed," said the Police-Sergeant with a mocking smile. "I think we've nabbed all we want—caught you red-handed, too," and before I realised what was taking place I seemed to be gripped all over and a pair of handcuffs were snapped on my wrists.

It was not until that moment that the full gravity of the situation dawned upon me, and I felt that it might have been very serious but for my uniform and my unmistakable *bona fides*.

"You've carried the joke quite far enough, Sergeant," said I. "Just take these things off again and I'll show you my papers."

"No, you don't—we'll find them when we want them," chuckled the man, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Scotland Yard gave us the tip this morning that you might pay us a visit, and now I warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

"You silly ass!" I laughed. "Allow me to inform you that I am Captain Richard Vane of the 200th Canadian Battalion, and a close personal friend of the new owner of this house."

"If we wanted any more proof, there it is," cried the Sergeant triumphantly, reading from an official-looking document. "Passes himself off as Captain Vane of the Canadians, Major Spotswood, A.S.C., and sometimes Lieutenant Willoughby of the Royal Irish Rifles. Brown hair, toothbrush moustache, height 5 ft. 10½ in.—but, lord, I needn't read any more! This is our man!"

I felt myself turn a little white until I remembered Daphne and old Tom Sparrow, and as two of the constables lifted the lid

THE CHRISTMAS OF MY LIFE

of the coffer I forgot my momentary annoyance and looked at the contents over their shoulders.

To their uneducated eyes those age-blackened mugs and dishes, the exquisite Tudor salt-cellar, and the beautiful tankards must have seemed more curious than valuable; but I saw at a glance that Nollifant had come into possession of an absolutely priceless hoard.

"By Jove!" said I, "this is something for my friend."

"That's according to taste," grunted the local Dogberry. "I wouldn't give five shillings for this old rubbish."

"No, but you'll give him the surprise of his life when you've wired that I am here, and what I've found."

"Oh, there's time enough to talk about wiring. You'll spend your Christmas in the cells at Hetherby; then we'll see what's to be done with you."

He had taken possession of my arm, and his grasp was decidedly unpleasant. My personal description certainly tallied most remarkably with that of Mr. "Doggie" Johnson, whoever that individual might be, even to my collar badges, and the fact that my own patronymic was one of his many aliases opened up a highly disagreeable vista.

To-morrow was Christmas Day, and my sole chance of release centred on Tom Sparrow and his daughter.

"Look here," said I, "it will be quite all right when we get to the Mulberry Inn, and a drop of something hot won't do any of us any harm; but you don't expect me to walk to Hetherby with these handcuffs on."

"You'll have to try, anyhow," laughed the Sergeant, "and don't bother your head about Tom Sparrow—he's got the gout. Besides, it's one o'clock in the morning. Shut that lid down and leave the box where it is. And now, Johnson, come along."

In vain I expostulated on the absolute monstrosity of leaving that priceless chest of silver at the mercy of the real "crooks" if they should attempt to return. They only laughed at me, and in the heat and indignation of the moment I forgot all about my suit case in the little room where the fire was burning.

The retreat from Mons had been bad enough, and after I transferred to the

Canadians I had been through some hard times, but nothing can ever eradicate from my recollection that five-mile plunge through the snow on that Westmorland road, or the feeling of impotent rage that possessed me as the door of the cell closed, and I was left to my own resources.

"I don't want to be too hard on you," said the Sergeant through the little grating as a sort of postscript, "and I'll send you in a slice of turkey to-morrow as it's Christmas Day, but where you are you are till Wednesday, so a merry Christmas to you and pleasant dreams."

Certainly Nollifant had the laugh of me that night if he had only known it.

The cell was none too warm, and I never closed an eye until daybreak, nor do I think did the Sergeant, whose heavy tread resounded several times in the brick passage outside as he came and peeped at me through the spy-hole in the door.

The fact of it was he had never had such a distinguished prisoner in his charge, and rosy visions of promotion and all the rest of it floated before his official vision.

I couldn't really blame the man, and I felt too injured to blame myself, so I sat on the edge of my plank bed and thought things about Nollifant and his confounded Manor House.

After a breakfast of thick bread and margarine and a mug of tea, I tried to temporise.

"Now look here, Sergeant, this farce is played out," said I. "I insist on your telegraphing at once to Scotland Yard; they will communicate with Mr. Nollifant, and you'll find you've made an egregious mistake."

He grinned, a little maliciously, I thought.

"I don't take orders from those in my custody as a rule," he replied. "The snow has broken the telegraph wires, and in a manner of speaking we're cut off from the outside world for the next few days. I'm afraid you'll have to make the best of it, Doggie."

"Don't you 'Doggie' me, my man," I said in my best orderly-room voice. "But, for heaven's sake, let me have a wash. Look at the state I'm in."

He was a big, heavy man, slow of speech, and he took my measure cautiously.

"Ye are a bit dirty," he said. "You can come with me into the scullery, and my

THE QUIVER



"'Have you lost your senses, Barley?' she cried indignantly."

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

Missus will get you some hot water—but, mind, no nonsense," and he tapped his pocket significantly.

It bulged and showed the outline of the automatic pistol I had taken from a Prussian Guards officer in Courcellette, and as he released the handcuff from one of my wrists and it jangled against my identification discs I was obliged to laugh at the irony of it all.

I, Dick Vane, three times mentioned in

Dispatches, with the D.S.O. and the M.C. ribbons as well as that garish little Mons patch on the breast of my tunic, making my ablutions in the scullery of a country police station! Ye gods!

He gave me a clean towel, and his two little tow-headed children peeped at me curiously through the half open door of the kitchen, and then a voice that was like music fell upon my ears.

"Good morning, Mrs. Barley, and a merry Christmas! Father has sent you this, and there are some little presents for the children." And there was the sound of a basket being placed upon the table.

With the towel in one hand and the handcuffs in the other, I made a stride for the door.

"No, you don't!" cried the Sergeant, grabbing at my shoulder.

"Oh, yes, I do," I laughed, throwing off his grip. "A merry Christmas,

Daphne—Miss Sparrow, I mean. Would you mind telling the Sergeant here where you last saw me, and who I am? He won't take my word for it."

She gave a cry, grew scarlet as the holly berries that decorated the room, and came forward impulsively with both hands stretched out towards me.

"Captain Vane, you here?" And the brown eyes opened very wide. "Handcuffed! What does this all mean?"

THE CHRISTMAS OF MY LIFE

"It's a complicated story, and it means more to me than you know," I said, and it must have been something in my voice that made the brown eyes droop for a moment.

"Have you lost your senses, Barley?" she cried indignantly.

"Well, I begin to think somebody has," said my jailer, looking puzzled, and then he snatched at the last straw. "There's nothing unlikely in Captain Vane, as he calls himself, having stayed at the inn, Miss, and he may still be the man we want."

"You see, I'm charged with burgling the Manor; in fact, I was found in the very act of prising open a chest of old silver," I explained, and Daphne and I laughed merrily.

"I'll bring father," she said. "Perhaps you'll take his word, Barley." And in an instant she was gone, and I had a passing vision of her running by the window.

"How do we go now, Sergeant?" said I; but he only looked blankly at me, and made no answer. "If you'd only taken the trouble to have examined my papers and my leave-pass last night, as I suggested, all this annoyance might have been saved," I said, in a tone of superior reproof.

"That's as may be," he growled, and we both watched the sturdy figure of the innkeeper hobbling across the road, with Daphne talking excitedly beside him.

Sporting Tom Sparrow, clean-shaven and honest-eyed, loomed up large in the doorway, and his laugh was good to hear as the huge fist came forward and clasped my own.

"Bless my soul, I'm glad to see you, Captain! What's all this tomfoolery, Barley?"

"It means that I've got Jefferson Johnson, the famous American bank robber, and until Scotland Yard tells me I'm wrong he's my prisoner," said the Sergeant doggedly.

"I'll take the chances of that, Barley." And Daphne's father roared with laughter.

"If you want bail I'll plank down a hundred pounds—nay, lad, five hundred if that's not enough; I haven't got more in the house. But the Captain eats his Christmas dinner with us, and I'll take no denial."

Poor Barley looked very blue, but he stuck to his guns.

"I can't let him out of my sight, Mr. Sparrow," he said, "not if you made it a thousand; it's as much as my post is worth."

"Well, there's a way out of all things, and I've got it," responded the innkeeper promptly. "You shall come too, and bring the Missus, and Joey and Jimmy here, the young rascals. What do you say to that?"

Sergeant Barley scratched his head, and Tom Sparrow intercepted his eye as it rested on a trussed turkey ready for the oven.

"That will keep, old chap, and you can have it on Boxing Day," he cried. "Now then, off with that bracelet and let him put his coat on." And again I found myself looking into those brown eyes behind her father's shoulder, and thought I knew what the sparkling in them meant.

It was a Gargantuan feast to which we sat down round the big gate-legged table in the long, low oak-beamed room, whose windows looked out on to the white garden.

The snow that powdered the trees made everything outside seem fairylike, and within, with the candles lit, and the brown goose done to a turn, it seemed to me that I was in for a good old-fashioned Christmas after all.

"You'll sit next to the prisoner, Sergeant," old Tom had said with a chuckle; but I didn't mind in the least, for Daphne was on my other hand, and one had only to look at the portrait of her mother on the wall, the high-born lady who had eloped from that selfsame Manor House with dashing Tom Sparrow, and never regretted it, to understand from whence the innkeeper's daughter derived her sweetness and refinement.

They made me talk about the war, which I wanted to forget, and Tom cracked Westmorland jokes, and the Sergeant told us stories of poaching affrays, and the dinner was a great success.

But it was afterwards when I coaxed Daphne to the piano that my time came; when Mrs. Barley had carried off her children to bed, and Tom in riding breeches and gaiters—which I believe he slept in, for I never saw him wear anything else—sat by the inglenook with the Sergeant in front of him, both of them nodding as became respectable elderly men after a Christmas feast.

"Will you sing that song I liked so much when we were down here before, Miss Sparrow?" I asked. "Wasn't it called 'The Golden Days'?"

THE QUIVER

"If you wish it," she smiled. "But isn't it rather sad?"

"It has the happiest memories for me," I urged, and she sang it, with its haunting refrain:

"Gone the days that are past recalling,
Gone are the golden days."

"Are they really gone, Daphne?" I murmured, leaning forward on the low settee, with the piano hiding us from the other end of the room. "Are you glad I have come back, or has it been all a dream for me?"

Then I knew that those were really tears in the soft brown eyes as she put her hands out and buried her face on my shoulder.

"Glad, Dick? Oh, you don't know how I have prayed for you and for this moment!"

"Then you do care for me?"

"If I don't, then I care for nothing else in the world," she whispered.

We got through to Nollifant next morning, for it turned out that there was one wire left standing after all, and he came down

that night. It seems he had written me again, but the letter had gone astray.

His face was a picture as we stood before that long-hidden chest, and he fingered piece after piece with the tenderness of a genuine connoisseur.

"By Jove, Dick! I have to thank you for something, and I haven't any words left!" he exclaimed; and drawing me aside he said, lowering his voice, "I had a conviction it was here all the time, but that wasn't the only thing that made me buy the Manor House. You see, Miss Sparrow's mother was born here, and, to tell you the honest truth, old man, I'm hoping to install Mademoiselle in her ancestral halls in the near future, if I have any luck."

"We shall be very glad to come on a visit, old chap, at the end of the war," I laughed, and he looked at me oddly. "You can't have all the luck every time, you know. I'm afraid you'll have to be content with the silver, Nolly; we fixed things up last night, and Daphne belongs to me."



A CAROL

GOD rest you, merry gentlemen!
May blessings crown your way!
We sing the praise of Him Who came
To Earth on Christmas Day!
His birthplace was no palace,
No stately manor-hall,
Not e'en a wayside tavern,
But just a cattle-stall!

God rest you, lovely ladies,
And maids of high degree!
We greet the Holy Christ-Child
Upon His Mother's knee!
He had no golden cradle,
Bedecked with silk and lace;
A humble straw-filled manger
Was His poor resting-place.

God rest you, little children!
We sing before your gate,
To tell of Him Who for us
Resigned His high estate!
He loved the poor and lowly,
So spare a gift, we pray,
To help your humble neighbours
This holy Christmas Day!

MAUD E. SARGENT.



Sonny

BY

L. G. MOBERLY

Christmas, which would so soon be here. And now nurse and Lizzie had both vanished, the nursery was very dreary and cold, the fire had gone out, and nobody had come upstairs to renew it. Nobody had come upstairs at all since Maria, the kitchenmaid, brought him a plate of dinner, a very funny dinner such as he had never in his life had before, a dinner consisting of an untidy heap of beef and vegetables piled on one side of the plate, and a piece of suet pudding with a dab of jam smeared across it lying on the other. Its unusualness rather appealed to him, though it was not very nice, and

he had what he described to himself as a "pain in his chest" afterwards. But now the pain was gone, and he was very hungry, and he knew it must be long past tea-time, because before he crept out of the nursery he had watched the lamplighter light the lamps in the street. And lately the lamplighter had been coming just before tea-time, just before Lizzie turned on the electric light in the nursery and pulled down the blinds, shutting out all the enthralling sights in the street below.

But to-day nobody had drawn down the nursery blinds; there had been no Lizzie to switch on the electric light, and he had knelt on the window seat watching the happenings in the street below until the dimness and the silence in the room behind him gave him little tremors of fear. Then he crept out of the nursery and along the corridor, unlighted for the first time in his memory, and so to the stairs, where he had seated himself, a small, forlorn figure peering down into the grey shadows of the hall.

He did not dare to creep on down into the kitchen regions, first of all because he had not forgotten nurse's stern reproof when

HE sat upon the stairs, a small, forlorn figure, his knees drawn up, his chin resting on his hand, his eyes looking down towards the hall where grey shadows of afternoon were already creeping out of their resting-places. There was nobody now to forbid him to sit on the stairs; nobody to call him back to his own big nursery up on the top landing; there was not even anybody to give him his tea. In all the big house there seemed to be nobody who could spare a thought for one little boy, or to notice where he was or what he was doing. All temptation to get into mischief, or to stray to forbidden spots, had left him now that not a living soul in the whole establishment appeared to mind what he did, or where he went.

The small boy's world had all at once turned upside down, and it had done its turning with surprising suddenness—the sort of suddenness which made a small boy's brain whirl rather dizzily. Only yesterday morning he had sat at the nursery table telling nurse and Lizzie, the nurserymaid, all his hopes about

THE QUIVER

he had once ventured below stairs in search of the fat good-natured cook who had caught his fancy. He had never ventured down there a second time.

In his weary, confused little brain the events of the day jumbled themselves together in inextricable confusion, and he could not in the least understand the why or the wherefore of any of them. At breakfast-time nurse had worn her hat, and all her trunks stood packed in the night nursery, and she had talked very fast and rather loudly to Lizzie, who also wore her hat, and had round eyes of surprise and dismay.

"I owe it to myself not to stay where there's such goings on." Those words in nurse's voice emerged from the chaos, and stayed in Lancelot's remembrance. "I'm sure I'm fond enough of the child, and I've done my duty by him, and got small enough thanks for it either." Here nurse had clicked her tongue in a way peculiar to her, and Lizzie had said, "Lor, no, that you ain't." "But I have a duty to myself as well as to other people," nurse went on rather grandly, "and this is the finish. Well, if *she's* gone off as she has, there isn't much blame in his doing the same, and I couldn't stay to be mixed up with affairs like this one."

There had been a great deal more talk all along the same lines, but only scattered fragments like the above remained in Lancelot's mind, and these he could not in the least understand. And as soon as breakfast was over nurse and Lizzie had given him noisy kisses and demonstrative hugs, which he rather liked, excepting that the beads on nurse's best dress were scratchy when she pressed his face against her. And then James, the under footman, had come upstairs to help take the luggage down; and all the time James had grumbled very much, and declared he had never known such goings on before, not in any of the places where *he* had lived, and he hoped he never would again, and he was taking his hook pretty quick.

Lancelot vaguely speculated upon the kind of hook James intended to take. He wondered whether it would be a fish hook, like those Dad had once shown him, or a meat hook, like the big ones hanging in butchers' shops; or a shiny one like those in Mummy's wardrobe, where all her lovely clothes hung. But he kept his speculations to himself, and James bumped the boxes

down the front stairs, talking the whole way down, in a loud voice quite unlike his usual soft tones. The small boy pondered on this sudden change in James's voice, and he thought that probably Prender, the butler, would scold James for the noise he made, and for bumping nurse's and Lizzie's boxes down the front stairs. But there was no Prender in the front hall when James reached the bottom. Prender, like so many of the household, seemed to have vanished mysteriously into space. Nobody came upstairs after Maria had slapped down the small boy's dinner on the nursery table. The plate was there still, and the greasy remains of that funny dinner, and the small boy sat alone on the stairs watching the grey shadows in the hall change into black ones, and feeling every moment more desolate and forlorn.

"It seems a queer kind of Christmas time," he said, and he said it aloud, though the sound of his own small voice brought back some of the tremors, and he looked nervously behind him at the long dark corridor. "A dreadfully queer kind of Christmas time." And all at once a lump climbed into his throat, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks, because he felt so lonely and desolate. Next week Christmas Day would be here; and last year, during the week before Christmas, he had several times gone shopping with Daddy and Mummy, and bought all kinds of lovely toys. And the whole house had been busy with preparations for the festival. He and Daddy had decorated the house with holly and ivy brought from their country home, and he had watched breathlessly whilst Daddy and Prender fastened up the big bunch of mistletoe in the hall. And when Mummy came in with a lot of beautifully dressed ladies and jolly gentlemen, she had laughed and kissed him under the great bunch of mistletoe. And Mummy's kisses were much better than nurse's or Lizzie's or cook's, because Mummy smelt of violets, and her cheek was very soft, and she was the prettiest person in the world.

Of course, it was to Daddy he always went with every problem and trouble. Daddy had a particularly nice way with small boys, and seemed to know just exactly how their minds worked, and what they most needed. And Daddy had a pleasant, comforting sort of smell too—not sweet and reminding you of violets like Mummy, but a jolly friendly sort of mixture of tobacco and eau de

SONNY

Cologne, which all got mixed up in your mind with the feel of Daddy's moustache when he kissed you.

But it was a long time since he had seen Mummy; he could not count very well, so that he did not exactly know how many days or weeks it was since he had seen her; but it seemed a great many. And she had gone away without saying good-bye. Like the rest, she had just vanished; it was all very strange, very bewildering. Even Daddy had turned into a new kind of Daddy, no longer with gay and laughing eyes, but very quiet and still, with eyes that had grown inexplicably sad. And yesterday, or was it before yesterday?—his puzzled little brain could not remember—Daddy had gone away too, after giving him a big hug which had nearly squeezed the breath out of his little body, and telling him to be a good chap and to do what nurse told him. Well! there wasn't a nurse any more to tell him anything, and he was afraid to stay in the cold, dark nursery, afraid to venture down even into the hall where the grey shadows had turned into a general blackness; so he just sat there with his chin in his hands, leaning hard against the banisters, and struggling to keep back the tears that rolled one by one down his face—struggling, because he knew that Daddy, when he came home again, would tell him to be a brave man and turn up the corners of his mouth.

CHAPTER II

THE girl, on the doorstep rang, and rang again, before a frowsy old woman opened the door a few inches and looked out into the chilly December afternoon.

"I have come with an order from Messrs. Newton to view the house," the girl said in a clear voice with a ring of command in it, which made the old woman open the door wide. But though in the girl's voice there was

a ring as of one accustomed to be obeyed, her clothes were quite shabby, and her hat looked as if it had seen much better days, and Mrs. Deane, the charwoman, had a burning desire to treat her with familiarity bordering on contempt. But something in the glance of Sylvia Greyson's eyes, something in the quiet assurance of her voice, quelled the desire, and Mrs. Deane was as polite as her dignity ever allowed her to be.

"I am sorry to be so late," Miss Greyson said, as the frowsy charwoman switched on the light and flooded the hall with a soft



"She dropped down upon her knees beside the child and drew him into her arms."

Drawn by
Warwick Regnolds.

THE QUIVER

radiance, "but I am working in an office and could not get away. I have come to see the house for a lady who lives in the country and cannot come herself. It is to let furnished immediately, I understand?"

"That's it," Mrs. Deane assented, sniffing at the mention of an office, and trying, not at all successfully, to persuade herself that she could safely be insolent to a shabby young woman who *worked*. But the insolence got no further than these protesting thoughts; Sylvia was unaware of it.

"I will go upstairs first," she said, in the "I-am-accustomed-to-be-obeyed" voice which gave Mrs. Deane an unpleasant and unaccountable desire to drop a curtsy. "The bedrooms are what I chiefly wish to see." And without waiting for a reply from the charwoman, the visitor set foot on the bottom step of the stairs, then turned round again. "I understood from the agents that the servants were still here," she said, "and that Mr. Fothergill himself was in the house. I suppose I shall not be disturbing him?"

"E ain't 'ere to-day," Mrs. Deane answered; "went off sudden yesterday, 'earin' about the accident. And the servants? They're all gone now. There was the kitchenmaid left up till three o'clock, and now she's gone."

"What an extraordinary thing!" The girl still paused on the bottom step of the stairs, looking from the grimy face of the charwoman round the brilliantly lighted hall. "Why should they all go off so suddenly?"

"Oh, well, they had theirselvies to think about," Mrs. Deane answered with another sniff. "They didn't 'old with stoppin' in a place where there was such upsets an' goin's on—the master ruined, and the missus gone off with somebody else. They was respectable, the servants was, and didn't care about stoppin' in such a place. Yesterday was wage day," she added with a significant grin, "and Mr. Fothergill 'e paid them all—never thinkin' they was all goin' to move out to-day." A flush ran over Sylvia Greyson's face.

"What an abominably mean thing to do!" she said. "I hope they will none of them get any fresh places—all those respectable servants. *Disgusting!*" And holding her head high, Sylvia walked on up the stairs, followed by the discomfited Mrs. Deane.

And when Sylvia had mounted the second flight of stairs above the drawing-room floor, the first thing she saw was the small forlorn boy, sitting squeezed up against the banisters, lifting two tear-filled eyes to her face.

"Why, Sonny," she said, and she dropped down upon her knees beside the child and drew him into her arms, "what are you doing here all by yourself? And who are you?"

"I'm Daddy's Lance," the child answered, trying valiantly to choke back a great sob—a sob that was more than half relief at having kind arms round him again; "and nurse and Lizzie's gone away, and nobody didn't bring my tea."

"Lawks a mercy! Did you ever?" Mrs. Deane ejaculated, coming to a standstill beside Sylvia and the child. "Blest if I didn't clean forget the kid was in the 'ouse, though Marier did say to me before she went, 'Somebody's got to see after the boy.' It slipped my memory, me 'avin' a good bit to do downstairs."

"And do you mean to say," Sylvia flamed round on her, "do you mean to say you left this little child all by himself up here? Why, he's nothing more than a baby!"

"I'm a big boy," came the faintly protesting voice of Lancelot from the shelter of her arms; but Sylvia, cuddling him a little closer, looked at Mrs. Deane with hot anger in her eyes.

"It is disgraceful!" she said. "You and the servants have behaved disgracefully! I don't know anything about Mr. Fothergill, and I don't care what he or anybody else says. But I shall take this poor wee thing home with me to-night. I wouldn't leave a dog to your tender mercies." And her scathing glance swept over Mrs. Deane's untidy person with such scorn that the charwoman shrank back, looking sullen and ashamed. She scarcely spoke at all whilst Sylvia finished her tour of the house, Lancelot holding her hand tightly as though he knew he had found a friend.

"Dis my Mummy's room," he said, when they stood in the big luxurious bedroom, hung with rose-coloured silk, and Mrs. Deane muttered in Sylvia's ear:

"She ain't never likely to come in this room again. They say the accident 'ave done for her."

"What accident?" Sylvia spoke *sotto voce*, horror in her eyes, whilst the child rambled round the room, touching the dainty

things on the dressing-table with gentle touch, and stroking the rose-coloured satin of the bedspread.

"Motor accident. She and the young man what she ran off with," Mrs. Deane said in a hollow whisper, "and there ain't no 'opes for 'er. That's where Mr. Fothergill's gone."

"Oh!" Sylvia exclaimed, a great pity in her eyes, "poor man, and poor little boy! Poor little boy!"

She took him away with her that evening, finding such clothes as he needed, and wrapping him up well in his warmest coat, and she wrote a little note to his father, posting it to the address Mrs. Deane presented to her on a dirty slip of paper.

"DEAR SIR (she wrote).—I came to see your house this afternoon on behalf of my cousin, Lady Whitney, and I found all your servants had decamped, leaving your little boy alone with a most inefficient and neglectful charwoman. I do hope you will forgive me, but I have carried off little Lancelot to my room to-night, and I will take care of him as long as you like. I hear you are in great trouble, so please feel that he is quite safe. I am working in an office, but I have a very nice landlady, who will look after Lancelot when I am out. He and I are great friends already, and I hope you will not think me officious.—Yours truly,

"SYLVIA GREYSON."

"I don't know whatever we're going to do about Christmas." Two days later Lancelot stood beside Sylvia in her tiny sitting-room, his hands upon her knees, his eager face close to hers. "You see, Daddy and Mummy and me gen'ally buys toys and things, but now I haven't got Daddy and Mummy any more and everything's different. But I love you," he added, and two small arms were flung impetuously round her neck. "You don't smell of violets like Mummy, but I love you."

He was quite incapable of explaining, or even of understanding, why it was that even



"Are you going to ask Sylvia if you can have Christmas with us again?"

Drawn by
Warwick Reynolds

though this girl with the sweet eyes and clear voice did not smell of violets, and was not at all like his pretty mother, she nevertheless gave him such a feeling of being taken care of and loved. There was

THE QUIVER

a protecting tenderness in her arms, and she never minded how much he cuddled down into them. She had no lovely clothes to spoil, and she seemed to like his head close against her breast, and Mummy never liked that because of her dainty silks and laces.

"What'll we do at Christmas?" he repeated, his soft little face pressed against hers.

"Daddy says you may stay with me," she answered, and a shadow crossed her face as she recalled the words in which the child's father had written to her of his wife's death and his own utter ruin. ("If you will be so very good as to keep Lancelot over Christmas, I will come and make arrangements immediately afterwards," he wrote.) "You and I will go into the country where I go for my holiday, and instead of buying lots of toys and things for ourselves, shall we buy toys for some little boys and girls in that country village who haven't got any toys of their own? Shall we make them happy? That would be the happiest Christmas of all." The child's eyes lighted up. The idea was new to him, and as fascinating as it was new. He clapped his hands.

"Oh! I'd love that," he echoed. "Let's make the other little boys and girls happy. That'll be the happiest Christmas of all."

CHAPTER III

THE man who on Christmas Day climbed the hill towards the cottage where they told him Miss Greyson lived, was very tired—tired in body and tired in soul. Everything he most valued in life had crashed round him in one stupendous ruin. His wife had failed him. Her extravagance had brought him to the verge of bankruptcy; her reckless craving for admiration had led her to leave him and her home and child, and yesterday he had stood beside her open grave, feeling that he was burying all his youth, and all his hopes and ambitions, with the woman who had broken his heart and spoilt his life. Well, he would go and see Lance on Christmas Day. The boy would like to see him, and he must make some arrangements for his future. And then—if Lance was happy and well cared for—he himself would go away to the other end of the world, to try to forget the past misery, and begin again in a new life.

The cottage door stood open, and through another open door at the end of the passage Mark Fothergill could see a wide stretch of sunny landscape spread out under the pale December sky. The hill dropped abruptly away from the ridge on which the cottage was built, and there was something extraordinarily peaceful and soothing in the huge landscape that melted into the blue hills on the horizon. For a moment Fothergill stood looking at the view through the open door, and then he saw a girl coming down the narrow stairs carrying his small son in her arms. The child's arms were clasped round her neck, the two faces were very close together, hers alight with tenderness, the child's laughing and eager; and because the girl's eyes were fixed upon Lance's face she did not see the stranger at the door, until Lance cried out, "Daddy, Daddy!" and held out his arms towards his father.

"Happy Christmas, Daddy," he said. " Sylvia and me, we're having a lovely time together; but we like it much better now you've come, don't we, Sylvia?" The colour flashed to the girl's cheeks.

"We are glad you have come," she said, giving him her hand. "Sonny and I—I always call him Sonny—want you to have a peaceful Christmas with us. And I owe you an apology for stealing your son."

"The servants went off like rats from a sinking ship," Fothergill said bitterly. "I do not know, and I dare not think, what would have happened to my little lad but for you. I thought he was safe with his nurse, but she—"

"We are not going to think about her or about any past troubles to-day," Sylvia put in very gently. "Lance and I have got a tiny Christmas tree for two or three very poor little children in the lonely hamlet near here. We want to give them a happy Christmas. And," she lowered her voice, "we want to give you all the peace we can this Christmas Day."

"Peace!" His voice rang again with bitterness as he followed her into the little room overlooking the great view. "There is not much peace in my life just now."

"You cannot feel it just now," she said, as Lance, who had scrambled out of his father's arms, hurried into the tiny kitchen to inspect the preparations for tea. "You cannot feel it just now," Sylvia repeated; "but it will come to you again. The Peace is always there, even though we sometimes

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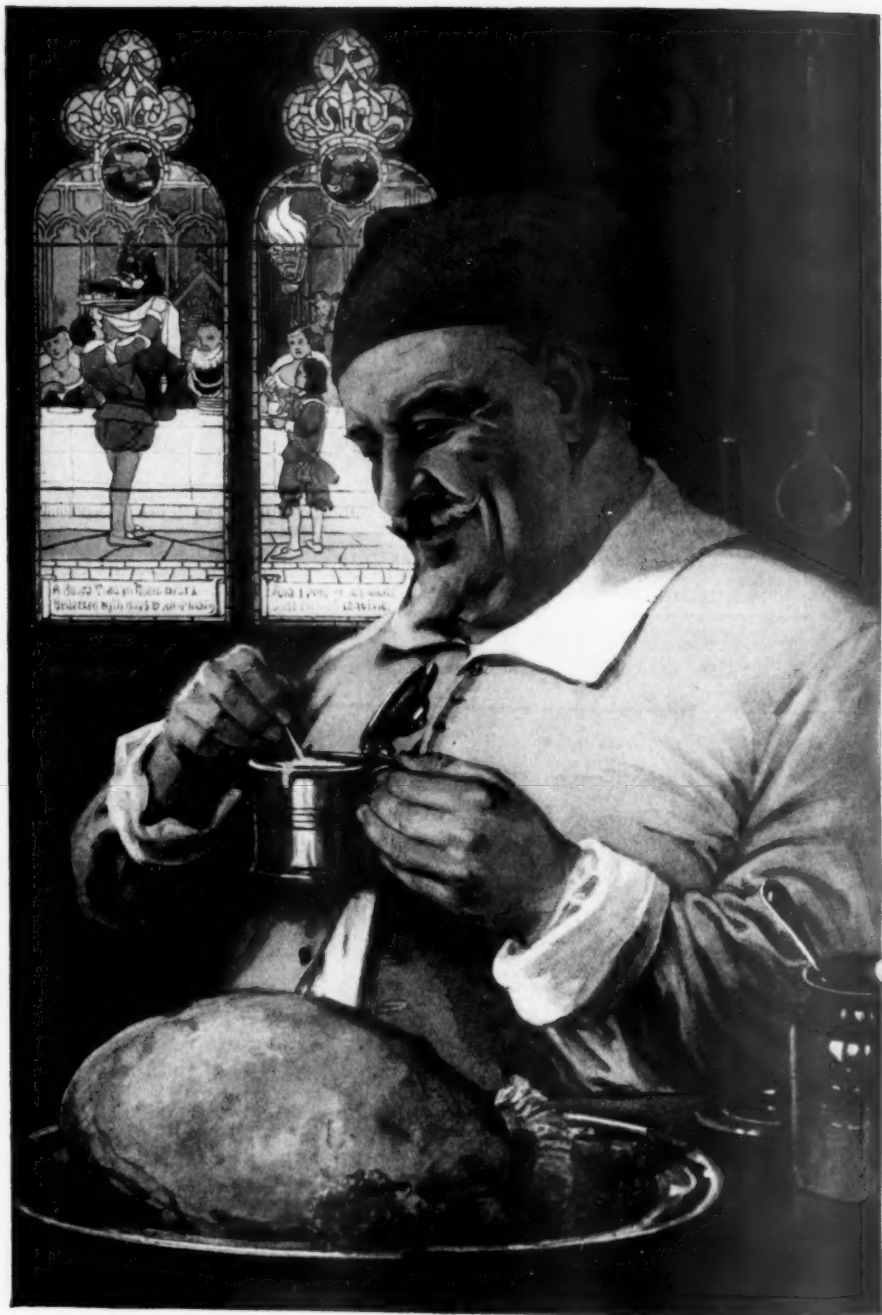
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THEN AS NOW.
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lose touch with it. The Child who was given to the world on the first Christmas Day brought us everlasting peace."

"Do you believe that really?" Fothergill's tired eyes searched her quiet face.

"I believe it with all my soul," was the emphatic answer. "The Peace is always there. Only we have to put out our hands to take it to ourselves. We have to open our souls wide to let it pour into them."

Mark Fothergill had never in his life spent such a Christmas as he spent in that little cottage on the hillside with his small son and Sylvia. Everything was simple and primitive, very unlike the luxury to which he had always been accustomed. But somehow it seemed natural and right to be having tea in the kitchen between Sylvia and Lance; to light the candles on the tree in the disused room upstairs, and to help hand round the cheap toys to the shy country children, whose eyes grew round and eager over this wonderful new delight. It all seemed natural and right, even to the quiet talk in the firelight after the children had gone, when Sylvia sat in the big arm-chair beside the fire, and Lance lay half asleep in her arms, and the glow from the burning logs lit up the sweetness of her face and the restful serenity of her eyes. They did not talk as if they were strangers. The girl who had so suddenly and strangely come into his life never seemed to Mark to be a stranger, and when he rose to go down the road to the little inn where he was to stay the night, he looked down at her with a smile.

"I shall feel I am leaving the boy with a friend," he said; "a great friend." Again the soft colour flowed over Sylvia's face. "And if you will do as I suggest—if you will take care of him for me whilst I go away to begin life afresh—will you agree to give up London for a time, to stay here with the boy? I shall be able to send enough to provide for him in this quiet way, if you will stay and take care of him. I would rather leave him with you than anyone else in the world, whilst I go and find—peace."

CHAPTER IV

ON Christmas Day a year later Sylvia stood with Lance by the garden gate and looked along the road. They were waiting for the postman, for the boy had made up his mind that a parcel would

certainly come from his Daddy in Canada; and Sylvia had no less confidently made up her mind that a letter might fall to her share. It was Sonny who saw him first.

"That's not the postman," he cried, shrill excitement in his voice, when a man's figure came over the brow of the hill; "that's my Dad, and he's come home for Christmas."

"Home for Christmas." The phrase rang in Sylvia's ears, and the colour came and went in her face when Mark Fothergill opened the garden gate and took both her hands into his.

"I had to come back," he said, giving her no more conventional greeting, but looking deep into her eyes with a look that told its own story. "I had to come back to tell you I have found Peace, and to ask you—"

"Are you going to ask Sylvia if you can have Christmas with us again, like last year?" the small boy struck in, his hands pulling at his father's sleeve. "I know she wants you, same as I do. We just love to have you here, don't we, Sylvia?"

"Do you—love to have me here?" Her hands were still held fast in his, his eyes still rested on her face. "Do you love to have me here?"

"Of course—we are ever so glad, Sonny and I," she faltered, and her eyes could not meet his glance any more; they found something of absorbing interest upon the gravel path below.

"And do you know what I really came back to ask you?" he went on, whilst Sonny flew into the house to convey the joyful tidings to Hannah, the one and only servant. "It is quite true I want to spend Christmas with you, but I want you more than that, ever so much more. It was you who first called the boy Sonny—and we want you, Sonny and I; we want you to come and take care of us both for ever and ever. Will you let him be Sonny to you in good earnest? He needs mothering, and I'm not sure that I don't need it too."

"Just my little boys," she said, quoting the words of the play, and lifting her eyes, tender, humorous, sweet, to his. "'Just my little boys.' And I believe this is really going to be the happiest Christmas of all."

"The happiest of all," he answered, drawing her close. "I have found Peace, and I have found you, and you and I and Sonny will be the happiest trio in the world—you and I and Sonny."



By GRACE MARY GOLDEN

The war has solved some of our old-time problems, and some people think it has solved this one. But has it? Anyhow, the author's proposed solutions are nothing if not drastic.

CHRISTMAS presents! Abominations! Thank goodness the war has put an end to *them* as an institution!"

One can almost hear these and similar remarks being absolutely *hurled* at the unfortunate words that stand above. And one hardly wonders.

In those Old Pre-War Days

When you come to think of it, some of us did suffer rather a lot through the giving and receiving of Christmas cards and presents in the years before the war, for things had got to such a pass that the whole business became a positive burden. Every shop, from the butcher's to the boot-maker's, displayed *some* sort of stuff that was declared to be "Suitable for Christmas Presents." Everyone you knew or had ever known or ever hoped to know had to be thought of and sent something appropriate. You had to decide whether Great-Aunt Sara would send you either a card or a gift or both, and act accordingly—in good time, lest she should think your little attention a mere return of hers. You had, if you were conscientious, to try to show some discrimination in the choice of what you sent to her: and not only to her, but to several dozen other folk of all sorts and sizes, down to your eldest sister's newest baby.

The Terrible Business of Choosing Cards

First there was the terrible business of choosing your cards, like wallpaper, from a book of patterns—a soulless business at best, because your object was not to pick out something that would really appeal to a person whom you wished to please, but something that would "do" for a miscellaneous collection of people, none of whom you cared a ha'penny about.

The Ordeal of Christmas Shopping

Then there was the ordeal of Christmas shopping, when the bored and weary shopper fought and struggled by the hour with other bored and weary shoppers to secure a selection of things that—

- (1) Did not cost too much.
- (2) Did not look too cheap.
- (3) Were not too hopelessly inappropriate for the various people who had to be "polished off" one's list.

Lastly came packing and posting, while everyone in the house tried to beg or borrow brown paper and string off everyone else.

And when you were breathing sighs of relief at having got all that side of it off your chest, there was the trial of receiving presents—always the sort you did not want, with the disappointment of never getting anything you did. Sometimes they were

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

presented by the donor in person, and you had to summon up on the spot an expression that looked ecstatic anyway, and to cry deliriously: "Oh! How perfectly lovely! Just what I wanted!"—and hope it would be counted a white one.

The Torture of Written Raptures

Or else they came by post, and you had to spend all your spare time going into written raptures.

Well, some people think that all that is over and done with. *Is it?* Possibly it is in one way, for certainly at present few people have time, money or inclination to bother with purely formal cards or gifts. But, on the other hand, Christmas, as the festival of Peace and Goodwill, is coming into its own in these days of war in a fashion that may seem at first sight incongruous, but that is really the most natural thing in the world. *For if there be any goodwill left in the world between man and*

man, now, surely,

is the time to re-

member it and

mention it and

emphasise it. And

when all is said

and done, pre-

sents are merely

symbols of that

goodwill, though

of late we have

forgotten the

fact. We cannot

get on without

symbols any

more than we can

dispense with

sentiment (the

real thing. I

mean, not its

spurious imita-

tion, sentiment-

ality), for with-

out them the life of a person or of a

country shrivels up and ceases to be.

Moreover, war makes us set more store by

both in many ways. Wounded soldiers,

discharged soldiers, soldiers home on leave

—we feel we must take some notice of *them*

at Christmas time, offer them, perhaps, some

symbols of our gratitude, which otherwise

goes beyond our power of expression. Or

we try to do something for the families they have left behind. It is the obvious thing to do. And in the doing of it we begin to "feel Christmassy," and that is fatal!

But we are keeping Christmas nowadays more in the old-fashioned family way. We remember that Christmas is the Children's Festival, and we decide that they shall have as nice a time as possible, war or no war. And then there are those cousins who lost all their money last year: the idea of sending them rather a special Christmas present appeals to us somehow. And so we go on.

How to Tackle the Problem

There are, as a matter of fact, quite a lot of people who are of opinion that after the war Christmas will be kept more instead of less than before. And it is quite possible that they are right. At any rate one cannot be sure of the opposite. How, then, are

we to tackle the vexed question of Christmas presents, and prevent its becoming again?

There are ways.

A Regular Exchange

That Elizabeth who, despite the fact that she loved a German garden, was such a delightful person, discovered one of them. If you remember, she sent her friend Irais a little brass candlestick for a birthday present

when they first knew each other, and Irais sent her a notebook at the proper season. The next year Elizabeth sent the notebook to Irais, and received the candlestick in her turn. And so they went on, exchanging the two gifts—also profuse and appropriate thanks for same!

Now why don't we all do that sort of thing at Christmas? It is perfectly simple,



"And mother gets her new coal-scuttle"—p. 98.

THE QUIVER

You have only to put everything you receive into a special box or drawer, and when next Christmas comes round take it all out again and send the things back whence they came. As a matter of fact a good many people do something very like this already, but they make the mistake of not owning up to it. They always endeavour to send each thing to someone fresh, who will think it has been purchased on purpose. And when the labels have been lost and they cannot remember who sent them which, there is much tearing of hair. Cases have been known of useless trifles travelling round a circle of friends until they arrived back in course of time to the original donors—who were thereupon much annoyed. But there is no need for annoyance if the whole thing is openly recognised, unless it is on the part of the manufacturers of the said trifles, whose excess profits would show a falling-off.

Buying our Own Christmas Presents

Next there is the idea that has been advocated by more than one person when bemoaning the useless expenditure of money on (a) presents other people had sent to him, and (b) presents he had sent to other people. This suggestion is to the effect that it would be much more sensible for us all to buy presents for *ourselves* instead of for other people. The amount of money spent throughout the country would be the same, and we should have things we really wanted instead of a collection of white elephants. Our letters of thanks would then run something like this:

"MY DEAR MATER-IN-LEGE,—

"I have just bought myself a new saucepan as your present to me, and hope that as mine to you you will be able to get yourself the curtains you were wanting, or perhaps the garden fork. The saucepan is a beauty—you must see it when you come. Thanks very much indeed for it. Hugh is getting his boots mended as your

little gift, but don't say I mentioned it if he hasn't told you, as he may decide to reckon it from Kate. With best wishes for Christmas.

"Your affectionate

"CHRISTINE."

Of course there would be disadvantages about this plan, and it would be a great pity when your rich uncle had to think of something he wanted for himself instead of sending you his customary cheque. But on the whole there is much to be said in its favour.

The "Christmas List"

The third possibility is one that calls for really *serious* consideration, for it has actually been tried and found quite workable by more than one family. There are big households who have adopted the sensible practice of having a family notice-board. On this, some weeks before Christmas, there begin to appear the "Christmas lists" of the various members of the family, being statements of all the things they would like to receive as gifts from kind friends and relations. Some of them even indicate what they want *most*. The school-boy son of one house, for instance, always puts "MOTOR-CAR," in his largest capitals and well underlined, at the top of his list. He has not got it yet, but he always hopes, and he *does* quite often get the other weird things for which his soul yearns, and which one could never have guessed at without a hint. And mother gets her new coal-scuttle, and Gladys her scented soap. People outside the family who want to send presents write to the Head of the House and ask what items on So-and-So's list have not already been appropriated. And all goes smoothly and everyone is pleased.

Yes, if we are to "keep Christmas" still in the old-fashioned way (and we might, after all, do a lot worse), let us see to it that this plan is adopted in every house in the land. So shall the season lose its terrors.





"When he saw her he shouted, 'We're in for a good thing'"—p. 101.

*Drawn by
Horah Schlegel.*

UNCLE

A Christmas Story of Nether-Applewhite

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

HABAKKUK MUCKLOW—known as "Uncle" to everybody in and about Nether-Applewhite—was a sportsman who loved the chase better than he loved anything. He was nearly sixty when the war broke out, but he harboured deer, and ran with hounds afoot as of yore. In his happy case pleasure marched hand in hand with business. Strangers lost in the New Forest, fearful of bogs, were likely to be speeded in the right direction by this jovial, clean-shaven man, whose smile was worth at least sixpence and whose wise words might and did earn half-a-crown.

You may be sure that he never missed a meet at Christmastide. And he boasted a memory that never forgot a staunch horse or hound or the face of any follower who had

tipped him. He could describe any famous run from find to finish, and knew every notable buck and fox who had "diddled" the hounds in previous seasons, not to mention those who had perished gloriously when their time came.

But he was at his best in the sanded parlour of the Sir John Barleycorn tavern, where he would hold forth to the gaffers of the village concerning the day's sport and those who had taken part in it. Of the old-timers, the men and women born and bred in the Forest, he invariably spoke with respect, whether they tipped him handsomely or not. But new comers, however lavish of money, provoked sharp criticism.

"Who be the Bostocks?" he would ask. "Who be they? Not quality."

THE QUIVER

The Bostocks had bought a nice property just outside the Forest, and spent much money upon a rambling old house, money made somewhere in the north out of soap or jute or rubber. Bostock père had been given sound advice before he settled in a neighbourhood well known to be "cliquey" and "starchy." A good-natured cynic said to him: "They won't care how you made your money down there if you engage a first-rate cook and buy the best wine." Thomas Bostock had not asked for this advice, but he took it. Nevertheless, he might have languished for some years as a comparative outsider, despite his many possessions, had not the most precious of these happened to be a charming daughter, who rode well to hounds. Bostock subscribed munificently to foxhounds and buckhounds, and within a couple of seasons was accepted as being "in" the Forest if not "of" it.

He was not yet accepted by Uncle.

An old gaffer answered Habakkuk Mucklow:

"They Bostocks be rich folk; they pays good wages, and I says—"

Uncle interrupted promptly:

"I don't care what you says, granfer; I want you to listen to what I says. Old Bostock be a carpet-bagger."

"Carpet-bagger? What be that?"

Uncle eyed him whimsically:

"I bain't surprised at your gert ignorance, granfer. Likely as not you never heard tell o' Captain Columbus. Did 'ee now?"

"I dunno' as I minds the name as be-
longin' to these parts."

"He discovered Ameriky, he did. And Captain were the first carpet-bagger, see?"

"No, I don't."

"You will, when I've larned 'ee. Captain Columbus were allers ready for a lark same as I be. One marning he up and says to the King o' Spain—"

"A—h—h! I knows. Him as married Queen Victory's grand-darter."

"You knows less than a tomtit. I be talkin' o' they ancient days afore you was born to ask silly questions. Captain up and says: 'I be sick to my stummick wi' this rampagious old world, and 'tis my intention to find a new 'un.' Wi' that, he packs his carpet-bag, and sails away till he comes to Ameriky, where he crowns hisself President o' the United States."

"Well, I never!"

"Aye, I bain't going to teach you any more history, granfer, but you knows now what a carpet-bagger means, just a feller as settles in another country and thinks he owns it. That be old Bostock. I helped beat his covers one day, and, dang me, if he bain't a potter o' bunnies setting!"

"His darter be a fine young 'ooman."

"Ah—h—h! I knows one young man o' your way o' thinking."

Uncle paid his reckoning and walked home. As he walked, his thoughts dwelt persistently upon Harry Culverley.

Next to Lionel Pomfret, the only son of Uncle's beloved landlord, came Harry Culverley in Habakkuk Mucklow's affections. The Culverleys were true Foresters, who scorned carpet-baggers. Harry's father had been Master of the Buckhounds; and Harry himself had been "blooded" to deer and fox before he was seven. Indeed he knew the Forest almost as well as Uncle himself. Culverley lay fifteen miles away, beyond Brockenhurst, and nearly as far from the property recently bought by Thomas Bostock.

Uncle was well aware, of course, that money was scarce at Culverley. It had been scarce before the war. Two parlourmaids had replaced butler and footman when Master Harry became a Hussar. With the income tax at five shillings in the pound, one of the parlourmaids betook herself to the nearest Munition Works; and the loose boxes held just two hunters instead of half a dozen. This was tragedy to Uncle, and he had wit enough to realise that matters financial were likely to be worse instead of better.

At this moment Chloe Bostock appeared in the hunting-field. Now Uncle, as a harbourer of deer, had trained a sharp pair of eyes to observe trifles which ordinarily escape observation. Women take to hunting for many reasons. But, quite obviously, Chloe hunted because she loved it. The same could be said of Harry Culverley. Each came out to watch hounds at work and to stick to them when they hit the right line. No "coffee-housing" or what Uncle called "mumbudgetting" for them. Moreover, Chloe was a V.A.D. in a local hospital, and only able to hunt once a week. Harry Culverley, home on sick leave, hunted regularly.

UNCLE

Chloe Bostock captured Uncle unconditionally, bewitching him with horsemanship and pleasant, unaffected manners. It annoyed Uncle, however, to see that she was better mounted than Harry, but this annoyance vanished when the compensating thought suddenly came to him that Providence had sent the carpet-bagger to the New Forest with the special design of rebuilding anew the ancient House of Culverley. From the moment when he overheard Harry telling Chloe the names of the more remarkable hounds, Uncle decided swiftly that here was a match of Heaven's own making.

But how to bring about so desirable a consummation puzzled him. Once before, he had boldly dared to suggest a rich marriage to Master Harry. At Easter, when hard-riding swells came to the New Forest to finish the season, Uncle had "marked down" a young lady said to be worth a "plum" as the future Mrs. Harry Culverley. She, too, rode dashingly, a true lover of the game. And Uncle, you may be sure, noticed quickly that her eyes lingered upon the Hussar. Alone with Harry, and knowing that he was regarded as a privileged character, he had said outright:

"I'd like to see 'ee Master of Hounds, Mester Harry; yas, I would."

"All right, Uncle. You find the cash, and I'll do the rest."

"Will 'ee?"

"Rather."

Uncle winked solemnly.

"That there Miss Judkins be worth a hundred thousand, so they tells me."

Harry laughed and shook his head. Uncle went on:

"I knows what you be thinkin' of—her long sharp nose, which do, seemin'ly, come round carner afore her face; but, Lord love 'ee, you'd be lookin' at your hounds, a week after marriage, not at her nose."

Harry went on laughing and shaking his head.

But Chloe's nose was neither long nor sharp. And Uncle noticed that Harry looked at it, when he might have been looking at hounds. Chloe's nose had a skyward tilt to it, an additional reason for following it.

By this time Uncle had divined that the Captain of Hussars was bashful with maids!

And his sick leave would soon be up.

If they could be left alone together!

But this was difficult of accomplishment. Lady Cynthia Culverley, Harry's mother, had not yet called upon Mrs. Bostock, partly because the Culverley car was jacked up in wartime, and partly also because Lady Cynthia was slow to make new acquaintances. General Culverley happened, moreover, to be a Tory; Thomas Bostock was a Radical and a democrat. The young couple, in ordinary times, might have met at balls, on the golf-links, or at the houses of common friends.

Fate ordained that they should never see each other except in the hunting-field.

Upon the Friday before Christmas Day the buckhounds met not far from Nether-Applewhite. Uncle watched the young couple. Harry, as usual, engaged the hunt servants in talk. Chloe was surrounded by middle-aged and elderly men who were more than eager to pay attention to a young lady whose father's cellar held '99 Clicquot and Napoleon brandy. Harry—so Uncle noted—glanced at Chloe from time to time out of the corner of an ardent eye. Presently he spoke genially to Uncle, and asked him how he did.

"I be hearty as never was, Master Harry. I hopes you bain't mendin' too quick, sir?"

"Ten days more," said Harry.

Uncle reflected hopefully that much might be accomplished in ten days. Unhappily, man and maid were not likely to meet more than twice during that time, inasmuch as Chloe only hunted once a week. Uncle looked Harry straight in the face as he observed critically:

"'Tis a rare bit o' horseflesh as Miss Bostock be ridin'." He added slyly, as Harry nodded, "Be—utiful pair, I says, in my everyday way." Harry nodded again; Uncle sighed before he spoke the last word: "'Twould be a sad mishap, Master Harry, if so be as they found themselves bogged."

"Awful," Harry admitted, as he tightened a girth.

Master and tufters jogged off to the enclosure, where a "notable" buck had been harboured. Harry, to Uncle's disgust, went with them. Chloe and her elderly cavaliers remained with the pack. Tufting, which precedes the regular hunting, presents rare opportunities for love-making, as Uncle

THE QUIVER

was well aware. After the pack was laid on, if the scent happened to be good, undivided attention must be given to the chase. After the hunt, man and maid would go different ways. Uncle shook his head, as his active mind dwelt upon these things.

The tuft lasted well over an hour. Meanwhile Uncle had exchanged a few sentences with Miss Bostock. Seeing that her mare was inclined to be restive, he asked permission to adjust the curb-chain. Chloe smiled upon him sweetly.

"Scent'll hold in the heather," Uncle informed her. "And 'tis a gert buck miss. I knows 'un well. And, wi' this wind, he'll take the line he did las' year, when he diddle 'em so handsome in Rhinefields. Do 'ee know the country about Hasleys', miss?"

"Not very well, Mr. Mucklow."

"Ah—h—h! 'Tis bad goin' as never was, ruts an' rabbit 'oles and a narsty bit o' bog, too."

Chloe laughed.

"You cruel man! Are you trying to frighten me?"

"I knows you bain't one to be afeard, miss. But I makes bold to tell 'ee to foller a good man to-day. Major Hall, he knows the Forest better nor most."

"Major Hall knows it too well," replied Chloe sharply.

Uncle grinned. He was expecting this affirmation. The gallant Major, once a thruster, had begun to ride too canny to please a dashing horsewoman. Uncle muttered, deprecatingly:

"Aye; that be so. And, as for Master, he can't abide to have ladies a-ridin' in his pocket."

"Of course, I know that," said Chloe.

Uncle allowed his eyes to wander in the direction of the elderly cavaliers.

"I dunno' as any o' they'd do, miss."

Chloe laughed, touched by Uncle's obvious solicitude, but quite unconscious of his objectives. Then the bolt fell.

"I must trust to luck and my mare," she said hopefully. "This will be my last day for six weeks."

Uncle stared at her, agape with consternation. She continued blithely:

"I'm taking on a job away from home, to relieve a friend. It's hard lines, because my horse is just in condition, but there it is. Duty first, Mr. Mucklow."



"Chloe was surrounded by middle-aged and elderly men . . ."

"Aye, miss. I be an upholder o' duty allers, but a bit o' pleasure be the sweeter, I says, atween jobs."

Chloe commented upon this, but Uncle was not listening. All his faculties were now concentrated upon making his "point" regardless of where the notable buck might elect to go. Intuition told him that the maid was ripe as the man for the marriage state. To bring them together, in spite of obstacles, fired his wits. Given the happy opportunity, each would rise adequately to it. He slapped his thigh, as he exclaimed:

"Dang me, if I bain't a fool!"

UNCLE



*Drawn by
Narah Schlegel.*

"... Harry spoke genia'ly to Uncle,
and asked him how he did"—p. 101.

"Oh, Mr. Mucklow!"

"Yas; I'd forgotten Captain Culverley."

As the name fell from his lips Chloe's cheeks displayed a deeper tinge of pink. Nobody but Uncle would have noticed it. Very thoughtfully he gazed at the landscape as he continued:

"Captain, he be safe for 'ee to foller; a kind young gentleman, and a rare lover of a hound. Allers to right or left of 'en, he be, accordin' to wind. Ah—h—h! I see Alferd a-comin' for the pack."

A whip galloped up. Hounds were uncoupled as the Master approached leisurely

THE QUIVER

with his faithful tufters. Harry rode beside him. Uncle began to manœuvre for position. He intended to let Master Harry know that Miss Bostock was leaving home, but, alas, this good intention was frustrated by the other men, keen to learn from an eyewitness what had happened to the buck. Harry spoke in a loud, clear voice, which Uncle overheard, and so did Miss Bostock. The buck had been excellently tufted; he had broken cover a few minutes previously, and was last seen heading for Hasleys'. Plenty of scent, and all conditions favourable for a gallop.

Seeing that quiet speech with Master Harry was unachievable, Uncle slipped across the heather to Miss Chloe.

"I heard," she said pleasantly. "It's Hasleys'—ruts, rabbit-holes, and a nasty bit of bog."

"May the Lard preserve 'ee!"

"Amen to that, Mr. Mucklow."

"All the same, miss, do 'ee stick tight as wax to young Captain, and then, maybe, you'll ha' the hunt o' the season. I knows what I knows."

"And you don't tell all you know, either. I'm much obliged to you."

Uncle's face appeared to be as innocent as that of Moses when he lay amongst the bulrushes. And yet, at the moment, he was contemplating treachery. A word from him might steer the maid into a bog from which, of course, a gallant Hussar would be constrained to rescue her. If hounds ran fast, as they were almost certain to do, two followers would be left behind. Abandoned by Diana, a kindlier goddess would take them in charge. Against this bristled the probability that a hard-riding young fellow, with eyes upon hounds and ruts, might, unwittingly, gallop on ahead, leaving the maid to be extricated by the elderly and middle-aged.

The Master trotted off with the pack; the field followed. Uncle took his own line, hoping to nick in later. He knew every stream and gutter where the buck would "soil," and if hounds checked, as was inevitable, and if the buck did not go perfectly straight, as was likely, Habakkuk Mucklow might be in at the finish.

Before the pack was laid on at the point where the buck left the enclosure, Harry and Chloe exchanged demure greetings, but pride prevented her from asking him to pilot

her. Nor did she tell him that he would not meet her in the hunting-field again before he returned to France. Nevertheless, V.A.D. work presented a peg upon which Harry hung this remark:

"If they wing me, Miss Bostock, I should like to be nursed by you."

At that moment hounds hit the line with such a crash that further talk became impossible. The buck had fifteen minutes' start, a fact of which the leading hounds seemed to be well aware, for they raced over the heather at a pace much too hot to last. As the wind blew from the south-easterly quarter, Harry rode slightly to the left. Chloe followed at a discreet distance. As she rode she reflected comfortably that her pilot was in the cavalry, and not very likely to find himself in need of a nurse. But he had been wounded once. The thought of this obsessed her. She might never see his face again. On account of that she looked the harder at his straight back, as she touched her mare with the spur. An open stretch of heather invited her to gallop up abreast of Harry's bay. When he saw her he shouted:

"We're in for a good thing."

She glanced over her shoulder. The elderly and middle-aged were far astern. Hounds were together and running fast and mute. Hasleys', with its terrors, lay just ahead. Chloe wondered whether solicitude for her safety would concern Captain Culverley. If he cared, surely he would say—something.

He did.

"Ware bog!"

He picked his way across the treacherous ground, and she followed.

"Ware rabbit-holes and ruts!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when his horse pecked badly, recovered, and plunged into a second row of deep ruts. The bay's nose scraped the heather, but Harry refused to leave his conveyance. Chloe was much impressed. Her mare picked her way cleverly, till they came to better ground.

At Dockens' Water hounds checked for five minutes, and the stragglers came up. Harry, intent upon hound-work, said nothing to Chloe, somewhat to her mortification. Soberly was she tempted to tell him that this might be her last hunt that season. Was he too keen a sportsman? She held

UNCLE

the question in abeyance. Others had told her that he was a keen soldier, but he hated to talk shop.

A note from the Master's horn, and they were off again, through Broomy and on to the plain beyond, where the galloping was sound. Again and again Harry glanced behind him, with an unmistakable expression upon his face. He wanted her. And she wanted him! Nothing else mattered. He was pursuing a stout buck; she was pursuing a quarry quite as likely to escape. But she didn't try to overtake her Hussar, although she was better mounted, and the mare straining at her bridle.

The line bore to the left, skirting Sluifers. The buck seemed to disdain the woodlands. A man in a cart had viewed him heading for Ocknell. Probably he would "soil" again where the Ringwood road crossed the water. And here, sure enough, hounds checked for the second time, but not for long.

"Forrard! Forrard!"

"There he is," said Harry.

Chloe could just see the buck leisurely trotting up a distant slope. He carried himself gallantly, with no sign of fatigue or stress. A moment later he disappeared.

The pack raced into an enclosure and into fresh deer. Older and more reliable hounds hung back, not owning the fresh scent; young hounds had to be stopped; no easy matter in thick woods. The Master needed Harry's help; Chloe nibbled at a piece of cake. After an exasperating delay the true line was found, but the scent failed noticeably. And the followers were obliged to stick to the rides, relying upon ears instead of eyes, to "locate" hounds. Harry hesitated, hearing nothing. The Master galloped down a ride to the right.

"Can you hear anything?" asked Harry of Chloe.

She shook her head.

He laid before her two plans. Ever since the pack had been laid on the buck had consistently moved up wind and to the left. A year ago he had run much the same line and tricked the field in Rhinefields. Probably he was repeating successful tactics. And in Rhinefields he would be sure to find fresh deer again.

Finally Harry decided to bear to the left, although the Master had chosen the right. They galloped on, pausing frequently to listen, but hearing nothing.

"They run confoundedly mute," said Harry testily.

"And so do you," thought Chloe.

Five minutes later they debouched upon the Boldrewood road.

"I see Habakkuk Mucklow," said Chloe.

"Good biz! Uncle will know where they are."

Uncle, a bit breathless from his exertions, did know. Hounds, according to this expert, were running right-handed. He had seen them and heard them.

"I hear 'un now," he added, with his hand to his ear.

"I'm hanged if I do," said Harry. "Are you quite sure, Uncle?"

"I be sartin sure that I knows where they be this instant minute, Master Harry. You has no time to lose, seemin'ly. Gallop down road a bit, and then across to Brinton toll-bar. Hounds'll check at the water. Like as not you'll kill near Brockenhurst. Good luck to 'ee! I be fair beat, I be."

Harry handed him a shining half-crown before he cantered on down the road.

"We shall be all right," he told Chloe.

Uncle spat upon the half-crown before he transferred it to his breeches pocket. As he did so, he smiled knowingly. Then he began to retrace his steps to distant Nether-Applewhite.

Harry and Chloe rode on alone till they came to Brinton toll-bar. Travellers going and coming along the Bournemouth road had heard neither hounds nor horn. Harry was quite unable to dissemble his disappointment. Obviously they were hopelessly out of it, out of a clinking run, perhaps the run of the season. Chloe, with some knowledge of the male temperament, suggested sandwiches and a nip from the flask.

"Let's make the best of it," she suggested.

"But my leave is nearly up, Miss Bos-tock."

"Mine is up," she replied tranquilly.

"What——!"

His surprise was complimentary. Chloe explained. Then she said demurely: "I had better be moving home. Good-bye, Captain Culverley, and good luck!"

"Do you know the way?"

"Ye—es."

"The short cut, I mean?"

"N—n—o."

"I'll show you."

THE QUIVER

Once more they took to the woodlands, to Arcadia, which even in winter presents allurements. Side by side, in silence, they rode slowly down a lovely glade, treading softly upon deep moss. The sandwiches, so Chloe noticed, were forgotten, but a nip was taken from the flask. Harry said briskly:

"We'll not hurry on account of the gees."

Having said this he had the grace to blush a little. Chloe patted her horse's neck. Harry essayed another flight of fancy.

"If it hadn't been for me you'd have followed the Master."

"Why talk about that? What is—is."

By this time they were nearing the Boldrewood road again, at the point where they had left Uncle. And here, by the luck of things, they met a forest-keeper, who made a positively astounding declaration. Buck and hounds and a few followers had passed him within the hour, and the buck was running in exactly the opposite direction to that indicated by Uncle.

Alone once more with Chloe, Harry cursed Uncle as heartily as the Lord Archbishop of Rheims cursed the little jackdaw. Chloe defended Mr. Mucklow.

"He wanted us to have a good run; he was ever so keen; and he told me to stick tight to you."

"Did he?"

"And he knew that this would be my last hunt for ever so long."

"Oh! He knew that, too?"

"He will be terribly upset when he finds out that he directed us wrong."

Harry said more cheerfully:

"Poor old Uncle! Yes, you are right. He wished us well. At the meet he spoke to me about you. Very complimentary he was, too."

"Whatever did he say?"

"He seemed to have just discovered what I found out the first day I saw you."

"And what was that?"

"Your beauty."

Being a plunger, Harry should have followed up this opening, but he didn't. It is possible that Chloe liked him the better because, obviously, he had not practised the arts of the carpet knight. To make quite sure of this she said softly:

"I suppose paying compliments is part of the cavalry course?"

Harry laughed as he whispered confidentially:

"I'll tell you something. It's a secret between us. In our mess I'm dead lag of the compliment class. I wish I wasn't. I should like to turn myself loose here and now. The rummy thing is that I could tell your mare to her face just what I think of her, point by point, but I couldn't do that with you."

"Why not? It would amuse me to hear a good judge of a horse tell off myself, point by point, compliments barred."

Harry looked her over. He realised that he was challenged.

"All right," he said. "I'll have a go at it. If I take a bad toss, and hurt myself——"

"It will be my duty to nurse you," she added.

"Very good bone," he began.

"But not quite the right blood," she said gravely.

Poor Harry flushed crimson. He had heard this cruel criticism from his father and others. Chloe laughed reassuringly:

"I put that in unkindly, Captain Culverley. I overheard Major Hall speak of me as a nice little filly, but rather hairy at the heel. As a matter of fact, I am proud of the fact that my grandfather rose from the ranks."

"I should like to punch old Hall's head," said Harry.

"Go on! With my points, I mean. I promise not to interrupt again."

"You carry your head like a blood 'un; splendid feet and fetlocks; just the right shoulder, not too long in the back; well-ribbed up, sound from tip to toe, and a grand mover. There you are!"

"Thanks."

"Quiet in single harness. I take it?"

Chloe exhibited slight confusion. Harry continued:

"Bidding ought to be brisk when you come up." As she remained silent he leant nearer to her, whispering: "I say, has there been much bidding?"

She answered almost inaudibly:

"Not from the right bidders."

Harry had never craned at a stiff fence. As a rule he leapt first and looked afterwards.



"Am I the right sort of
bidder?" he asked"—p. 108.

*Drawn by
Norah Schlegel.*

THE QUIVER

"Am I the right sort of bidder?" he asked.

His eyes looked deep into hers with a tenderness and sincerity which exacted as much from her.

"Yes," she answered.

Meanwhile, Uncle, contrary to custom, was slowly walking back to Nether-Apple-white.

Presently he reached a spot where roads branched, and here he sat down in the lee of the hedge to smoke a contemplative pipe.

As he smoked his sharp ears caught the sound of voices. Uncle peered over the hedge and beheld Harry and Chloe approaching.

Uncle bobbed down behind the hedge and put his horny hand over the bowl of his pipe. A broad grin embellished his jovial countenance. He had noticed that Harry's arm encircled Chloe's waist!

At the branching roads the lovers parted. Uncle crawled along the fence and overheard the last words:

"I shall see your father to-morrow morning."

"I shall whisper something to him to-night."

They laughed, glanced about them, and kissed.

"Good night, you little witch."

"Good night, Harry. Be sure to dream of me!"

Chloe trotted on. Harry watched her till she was out of sight. Uncle ran swiftly along the fence, cut across a field, and five minutes later encountered Harry face to face. Harry reined up.

"Uncle, you silly old man, I've a bone to pick with you."

"Have 'ee, Master Harry?"

"You misdirected us, b' Jove—you! We lost hounds."

"Well, I never!"

"And you were so positive that you knew where they were!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I be gettin' a very old man. Misdirected 'ee? That be tarr'ble—tarr'ble!"

He sighed deeply, looking so miserable that Harry's kind heart melted within him. Uncle added the last touch.

"I lost hounds, too, Master Harry."

"You look as if you'd lost your wife. Cheer up! Sometimes, old chap, wrong is

right and right is wrong. Here's half a thick 'un for you."

Half-a-sovereign joined half-a-crown in Uncle's pocket. He thanked the donor becomingly, adding slyly:

"What be you doing, Master Harry, so far from Culverley?"

Harry reddened as he answered hastily:

"Miss Bostock was not sure of her road home. I went with her as far as the cross-roads yonder."

"Ah—h—h! A be—utiful young lady, to my notion; a gert pleasure to serve she, I reckons. 'Tis too bad she was thrown out along o' my rampagious ignerunce. Be she much miffed wi' me, Master Harry?"

"Not she, Uncle. She stuck up for you stoutly. Mistakes will happen. Good night, and a Merry Christmas."

He cantered on.

It was late that evening when Uncle strode into his cottage, and Jane, his wife, received him sourly, knowing that he had declined a remunerative job of work to "traipse," as she termed it, after a lot of dirty dogs. Uncle handed her the half-crown.

"You take that, my girl. 'Tis money well-earned."

He discreetly kept silence about the half-sovereign. Jane took the half-crown, saying dourly:

"Who gave it to 'ee?"

"Young Squire Culverley. Him and Miss Bostock lost hounds, and I happened along just then, and put 'un right."

Jane sniffed.

"Right! It be wrong to hunt in war-time, I says."

Uncle smiled upon her.

"Such matters, old dear, be too high for 'ee. Me and the Dook o' Wellington carries the same mind about that. Huntin' be the backbone of Old England. And I'll tell 'ee summat else. Right be wrong sometimes, and wrong be right."

"What a tale!"

"Aye. There's a mort o' things for 'ee to learn, Jane. Now, you get supper, my girl, and thank the Lard that you be married to a very forcible, understanding man."

Jane sniffed again, remarking sharply:

"Was you in at the finish, Habakkuk?"

"Was I in?" repeated Uncle scornfully.

"We had the run of our lives, old dear, and, if 'ee don't believe me, you ax Miss Bostock."



TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

A Christmas Message

By JOHN OXENHAM

I AM asked to write a Christmas message which shall communicate to readers of THE QUIVER Tidings of Great Joy.

Well, the first such message, and the greatest conceivable, was delivered by the angels who announced the birth of Christ on the first Christmas morning, and no man will ever be able to equal it. God may, however, in His own good time, and as the world becomes fitted for it, convey to it other messages of helpful hope which shall make for the coming of His Kingdom, through the doing of His will, throughout the whole earth.

A New Great Hope

Those first tidings of great joy were the revelation of a new great hope to a world sunk in gloom. What if there were a new revelation awaiting us—here and now—still in the shadow of the most dreadful war the world has ever known? I have lately been deeply impressed with the belief that that may be so.

What though the Christmas bells bring Peace indeed upon the earth, still scarce one family, in our own and in all the Allied and enemy countries, but will mourn the loss of some dear one who followed the Call and has passed on to the Larger Life. And even though we may hold the sweetest and loftiest views regarding that larger life, sorrow broods

over' the whole world as never before since the Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters and evolved earth from chaos.

The anxious, craving thoughts of millions reach up and out after those they have lost. Never has there been so keen and universal a desire for, if not actual knowledge, at all events the nearest approximation to knowledge obtainable by finite beings, concerning things infinite, and the conditions of those who have passed on and up.

A Stupendous Chance

Suppose for one moment that all the loss and horror of the past four years could be wiped out in the twinkling of an eye, that in one moment it could all be made good, that every life, so bitterly grudged and so deeply mourned, could be restored! What a psalm of joy and gratitude would go up from every aching soul on earth, such a Te Deum as the earth and God never yet heard from mortal souls!

In a measure, and according to our receptivity and vision, I believe we may, if we choose, attain somewhat thereto, and the wider the acceptance of this hope the better for the whole world.

Knowledge of the conditions under which the future life is lived has been small, but it has not been entirely lacking.

THE QUIVER

If we believe the story of Christ's resurrection and many appearances after His death, in the actual similitude of that body with which His followers were familiar, we have therein all-sufficing proof of life after death and continuity of personality. That is, the continuing of something like our present bodily forms and characters in the next life, by degrees doubtless refined and sweetened, but still our real selves.

Christ Lives

What happened to Christ has happened to our dear ones, and will happen to us all. Christ lives. We shall live also. How and under what conditions it has been more difficult to say with any definiteness, though there is hardly any limit to one's hopes and intuitive beliefs.

There are some who will say, "Actual knowledge of these matters has not been vouchsafed to us, so it was obviously not intended we should know. It is better not to meddle with them."

Twenty years ago actual knowledge of flying through the air at one hundred and forty miles an hour, and sending messages round the world without a cable, would have been regarded as the crazy dreams of a madman. Now they are everyday commonplaces. If no one had meddled with these and other such things we should still be in the Middle Ages.

And some will say, like Thomas of old, "Unless I see, I will not believe."

Everyday Faith

If such maintained that attitude towards life generally they would have a singularly poor and narrow time of it. How many of the things of life do we all have to take on the word of those who have had better opportunities of proving them than we ourselves have had!

Is the sea at its deepest depths perpetually calm? How do you know? Because those who have tested it say so.

Is there a place called Jerusalem? How do you know?

Do messages run round the earth without wires? How do you know?

You can extend the list *ad libitum*. For three-quarters of all we say we *know* we are dependent on the actual knowledge of others.

For very many years I have felt deeply, though—as I am no scientist—only in-

tuitively and yet without a shadow of doubt, that there was much, just beyond and outside our hitherto attainment, that had not yet been disclosed to us, that God had in the higher matters, as we have seen He had in the lower, still greater things in store for us which, in His own good time, and when we were ready to receive them, He might reveal to us.

Feeling the Way

It is only quite lately that it has been impressed upon me that in our own country, and in every civilised country in the world, some of the keenest and most highly trained scientific brains have for years past been quietly and carefully looking into these matters, sifting evidence, investigating phenomenal happenings, rejecting everything that would not stand sound scientific test, and slowly feeling their way towards some—perhaps as yet elementary, but still assured—knowledge of the future life and its conditions.

And all that they have discovered, and to their own scientific satisfaction proved, is completely what I have long been hoping and feeling about all these matters—matters which, I venture to say, transcend for very many people at the present time almost every other question, and which appeal with overwhelming force even to minds not given to thinking very much at all.

Facing the Final Fact

For the one inevitable fact in life is that, sooner or later, it comes to an end. We go through life facing that final fact—some in continuous dread of it; some with the courageous equanimity born of hope and faith; some, worn out with sorrows and weakness, looking joyfully forward to it as a happy release; none, in the depths of their hearts, regarding it lightly or flippantly. Death is, in short, the most tremendous fact in life—the one great happening which comes to all alike.

I can imagine no tidings of greater joy to all the people on earth than the knowledge that the beliefs some of us have cherished—first, in the certainty of a future life infinitely more wonderful and glorious than the present one—and secondly, of our sharing it in our own personalities, in such measure—but with probably ever-increasing powers and appreciation—as we may have



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And with the heartiness with which he undertakes every job and enters every sport, the British tar throws himself into the enjoyment of the wholesome delicious sweetmeat. And soon—too soon, the bottom of the tin shines through the few remaining pieces. Send more off to him—you cannot send too much.

Oh, Jack is cute, and he knows there's a difference in Mackintosh's now—not quite so rich as it used to be. But he is very cute, and as he munches he divines that it's only a little plainer, that Mackintosh's is still delicious, still good right through.

Nothing unwholesome has part in the making of Mackintosh's; the ingredients are necessarily plainer, that is all.

And when the days of peace and plenty come again, Mackintosh's will be fuller of good things, and will taste better than ever.

Sold loose by weight and in fancy tins by confectioners everywhere.



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In street or trenches it is told by thousands that Dri-ped keeps out the wet absolutely, saves money by saving on the increased cost of repairs; for Dri-ped wears twice as long as ordinary leather of the same thickness.

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Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for soles, is waterproof, double-wearing, light, flexible. It is used by repairers for resoling, and is readily obtainable on new footwear for War Workers.

"Dri-ped" is not a mere trade description; it is a Brand by which you may recognise the only leather of its kind in the world. Not all green leather is Dri-ped, no leather is Dri-ped unless it bears the diamond trade mark in purple every few inches.

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TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

fitted ourselves to do in the life below here—are endorsed in full by men of the highest scientific attainment and flawless character. And that these intuitive beliefs are endorsed by them as the result of their own long patient investigation, often in the face of scorn and obloquy, into facts, sometimes phenomenal but still proven facts, of which many have had an inkling, a feeling, a sense, but have had neither the time nor the opportunity, nor the scientific training indispensable for their proper investigation.

The Certainty of the Future Life

The certainty of that future life cannot but vitally affect our living here. For, if we are to share in it according to the measure of our fitness, it is essential that in this preparatory life below we do our best to prepare ourselves fitly for it.

It takes away the fear of death, in the overwhelming certainty that death is but the gate of entrance to a more gracious life.

It takes away the pang of loss, for it assures us that those who have gone on in front are no more really "lost" to us than any other friend who has gone on a long journey.

We are given the assurance also that they are very near us at times—that while we still wait here they are eagerly waiting just over there to welcome us into their new, joyous life, and that probably the only flaw in their happiness is the sight and knowledge of our grief at their going.

The Endorsement of Scientists

So far the scientists endorse my own highest hopes and beliefs as to the future life. And for the simplest, clearest, and concisest exposition of this great matter I would refer you to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's recently published book "The New Revelation." We have all known the creator of Sherlock Holmes for twenty years past as a solid, hard-headed man, of singular powers in the sifting and weighing of things phenomenal, one not likely to be misled by chimeras or humbug. His book will carry conviction to most minds that much has already been actually discovered concerning these great matters and that still greater discoveries are not far away.

One final word and a very necessary one. Let none think that if these things be so

they can live this life as they choose, assured in any case of the larger life beyond.

Believing in the Fatherhood of God I cannot believe that any man will suffer everlasting punishment. But a wise father, even on earth, combines love with justice, and be sure that the same will obtain over there.

Sins here will have to be repented there. Possibly the sinner's greatest punishment will be the poignant memory of, and great regret for, past misdeeds.

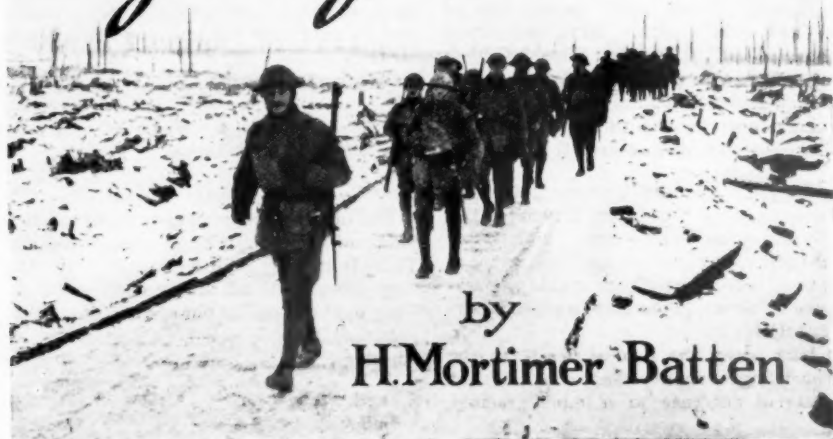
The Greatest Tidings of All

But of the ultimate redemption and happiness of all I cannot bring myself to doubt. These to me are Tidings of Great Joy. May they prove so to all who read these words! They ought to soothe our sorrows, add to our joys, and bring a new hope and uplift into our lives.

Lord, when I go,
Full well I know
I go to greater things
Than greatest here below—
Things that shall be to this
Poor life as Thou to my disparities.
I go to loftier hopes and nobler joys;
To the high peace of Thy divine employs;
To the Eternal Springs
Of all good happenings;
To the Sweet Fount of Life
That shall renew
My youth, and me endure,
At length, at length,
With eagle's strength,
With powers undreamed of in the life
below,
Powers only Death Thine Handmaid can
bestow.
So—without fear I go,
Because—I know!—I know!

This too, I know,
That *there* I shall be nearer still
To Life's high need and Love's appeal
Than e'er before;
The shadowy veil that hangs between
Is growing luculent and thin,
And, from within, The Golden Door
Swings softly open—more and more,
That Love, unseen, may closer be
To Life's supreme necessity,
And, in God's own good time, may come
To lead the wanderer gently home.

Fighting the Cold



by
H. Mortimer Batten

Official Photo.

Are you grumbling at the Coal Controller's restrictions? The author reminds us that we in this country do not know what cold is: our own "Tommys" can tell us something about fighting the cold—and Mr. Batten tells us a little more.

OF all the bitter trials of war, cold and damp stand foremost on the list, and when our "Tommys" return they may have as much to say about fighting the cold as about fighting the Hun.

We do not Know what Cold is

In spite of the minor troubles associated with the Coal Controller and the restrictions on fuel, we in England know very little about fighting the cold, for we do not know what cold is. We do not know how to contend with it, and the clothing to which we are accustomed is the result of life in a mild climate, and is really most unscientifically arranged so far as its warmth-retaining properties are concerned. It is because I have lived many years in Alaska, one of the coldest—if not *the* coldest—civilised countries in the world, that the Editor of *THE QUIVER* has asked me to contribute this article, and first and foremost it may be as well to set forth a few instances which will serve to illustrate what real cold really is.

One well-known writer has referred to the

cold of the Alaska winter as "the cold which finds and follows," and it would be difficult to find a more expressive description. Follow it assuredly does—deeper and deeper into one's limbs as the days pass, till life evolves itself into a continuous battle against it. To stand still for a few moments is to receive a warning to "move on"—clear and definite as if it were whispered in one's ear. For a moment one pauses, perhaps to adjust the harness of the sledge dogs, and instantly the cold begins to penetrate and the first stiffness of frost-bite to take hold of one's extremities.

The Real Cause of Wolf Tragedies

One reads often of wolf tragedies in the far north, but, as a matter of fact, in nine cases out of ten the wolves are only indirectly the cause of the tragedy. The nervous woodsman hears wolves behind him and promptly climbs a tree, where, ere he is aware of it, the cold takes possession of him, he becomes dazed, then unconscious, and finally he falls to the ground. The wolves find his remains, and the grim

FIGHTING THE COLD

remnants they leave behind furnish the condemning proof.

A Painful Mistake

Such is the cold in the far north that to touch a metal surface with one's naked hand means a painful wound, similar to a burn. One does not often make this mistake because, with the thermometer below the zero mark, one is compelled to keep one's hands covered, or frost-bitten fingers would be the immediate result. Still, I have seen an inexperienced huntsman draw off one of his mitts and place his naked hand on the barrel of his rifle, much to his discomfiture.

A mistake which often does occur, however, is that of attempting to hold some small article between one's lips. A joiner, for instance, may forget that he has only just brought that box of nails from outside, and in a moment of thoughtlessness he places one between his lips while he plies his hammer—next moment to find his lips stuck to it—an exceedingly uncomfortable predicament.

So intense is the cold, indeed, that a man depending upon the reliability of his rifle, never brings the weapon indoors during the winter, as the extreme differences in temperature are apt to upset its fine working parts, so that it is likely to prove useless when most urgently required. Similarly, if an axe that has been left outside be used without first warming it, the steel blade will split like porcelain.

Frozen Breath

One sees a team of dogs toiling through the snow with their heavy load, their fur caked and clotted with ice crystals formed by their breath wafting back on them. The men accompanying the team are similarly bespangled, the breath condensing on the hair of their faces instantly it leaves their lips, and a heavy bearded man is apt to become so encased in ice about his face that conversation is impossible. The Indians

use wolverine fur for their hood trimmings, because it is the only fur on which the breath will not collect and cake into ice.

The Difficulty of Breathing

During these extremely low temperatures breathing itself is fraught with difficulty. To take a deep breath is a most painful proceeding, something like drinking scalding liquor, and in times of extreme frost it is unwise to venture out of doors at all, as the air inhaled freezes the edge of the lung tissue, often with fatal results.

The Best Way to Keep Out the Cold

Amidst such conditions men have naturally arrived at a fashion of clothing best adapted to keep out the cold—or rather, to keep in the warmth. A thermos flask retains its warmth because it is surrounded by a vacuum, so that none of its heat can be lost by radiation to the open air. In



Christmas Morning
"Somewhere out there"

Photo :
Typical Press.

England we talk about good clothing, something to keep out the cold, but as a matter of fact we are "shinning up the wrong tree," as the Canadians say. We burden our bodies with heavy, tight-fitting

THE QUIVER

garments, which merely absorb the warmth we ourselves generate. When slightly damp such garments are an impossible proposition, so firstly we must rid ourselves of all notions of keeping out the cold, and concentrate upon the problem of keeping in the warmth.

Why the Vacuum Flask retains its Heat

Returning to the thermos flask—I have said that the reason why it is enabled to retain its heat is because it is prevented from losing any of it by radiation, and the next thing to being surrounded by a vacuum is being surrounded by an air space—a space of imprisoned air. In extremely cold countries, this fact is realised by the simplest savages. When an Indian pitches his permanent winter camp he starts off by erecting a double teepee—that is, two teepees on the top of each other, the top one being spread out wider than the underneath one, so that there is an air space between them. Sometimes this insulating layer of stagnant

indeed, one can walk clean over the top of an Indian village, thronged with men, women and children, with no knowledge that there is any human being within scores of miles.

"Air-Tight" Homes

The white man, in his more civilised shanty, adopts similar methods. Summer in the north is extremely hot, and the huts, being built of roughly trimmed logs, are none too air-tight. Indeed, there are often air spaces all the way round, through which one can thrust a finger or two, and which admit a welcome draught during the glaring heat of summer. But immediately the fall sets in the occupants of the cabin carefully cork all these crevices with dry moss, rammed tightly home. One often goes round with a candle testing all the joints, the guttering of the flame indicating a leakage, and thus having rendered the place finally air-tight, one's next act is to obtain that all-important air space.

The Space Between

This is done as follows: Leaning at an angle, from all four walls, spruce branches are laid against the eaves so as to form a tunnel, as it were, between the outside walls and the open air. A space is left between the lean-to branches—probably at the opposite side of the cabin to the door—a space which can conveni-

ently be closed by pulling a layer of brushwood across it. Thus, to gain the house, one enters through the brushwood barricade at the back, walks along the dark air space, and so round to the door, which can now be opened and closed without an excessive amount of cold air rushing in. In due course the surrounding lean-to of brushwood becomes covered with snow. A sudden thaw sets in, then a quick return of frost, converting the snow mantle into solid



The Real Thing—The Church in an Alaskan Village after the First Snowfall of the Season.

air is substituted by a packing of dry moss, and with his home thus arranged, a fire in the centre of it, an Indian can live in comfort amidst his smoky atmosphere during the cold months.

In due course the double tent is covered with snow, which still further shuts off radiation; the doorways become snowed up, so that the occupants creep in and out by a small hole, carefully closing the aperture behind them with skins. Very often,

FIGHTING THE COLD

ice, which, in turn, is again covered, till the little cabin is merely a mound amidst the whiteness.

What About Light?

What about light? one asks, but such light as one gets in the far northern winter is scarcely worth troubling about. The moonlight is so brilliant that one can read a paper by it, but the sun is merely a gorgeous flare of gold and crimson on the southern skyline for a few minutes each midday, then night again. In summer the problem of shutting out the eternal glare is a more difficult one, and very often the only provision for admitting light is the inclusion of a few jam-pots between the timbers of the roof.

As regards clothing, this air space theory is closely adhered to. It would be impossible for instance, to wear gloves provided with separate fingers, such as we are accustomed to at home. In stead, one wears gigantic mitts, supported by braces of their own, enclosing one's entire

hand, and so loose-fitting that there is ample room for the pockets of warm air which serve to prevent radiation. Similarly it would be impossible to wear leather boots, as such fitments would result in frozen feet at very short notice. Instead, one wears huge deerskin moccasins, many sizes too large for any man on earth. They are of soft, pliable material, more of the nature of washleather, and inside these one wears several pairs of soft, slack, woolly socks.

Guard Against Tight Fits

Whatever the garment, tightness of fit is the first thing to be guarded against. All one's outer garments are several sizes too large, so as to provide for that eternal air-space. This is made sure of by wearing

a slack belt amidship, so that one's clothing bulges out above and below.

The most serviceable garment is known as a parki or parka. Usually the men make these themselves. They are cut from a thick, woolly, Hudson Bay Company's blanket, and resemble a loose fitting, baggy blouse, the belt, as usual, being worn. This is the most comfortable upper garment if one is taking strenuous exercise, such as



The Motor Cyclist is in Difficulties
but the Christmas Pudding is Safe!

driving a dog team, and it is more healthy than leather on account of its porous nature. When working hard on the trail, indeed, the perspiration of one's body works through to the exterior of the garment, which rapidly becomes coated with ice.

Damp Blankets—but not Damp Sheets

Cotton clothing of any kind is as well eschewed for winter use, and very often results in pneumonia. I have slept weeks on end between damp blankets without suffering ill effects of any kind, but a single night between damp cotton sheets generally results in rheumatism or something worse. The same applies to one's everyday clothing, and if cotton garments were abolished for good, civilization would benefit.

THE QUIVER

The extreme cold, however, is comparatively easy to contend with, as it is bone dry, but springtime in the far north is the most trying period. One reads about the quick dawning springs of these latitudes, but it has not been my good fortune to experience any of them. Mud, rain, frost, more mud, mud ankle deep, knee deep; freezing, clinging, penetrating mud, everywhere one goes. It is now that the conditions are exactly similar to those so well known in France, and far more trying than the bitter cold of winter are they.

The Worst Mud on Earth

The mud of Alaska is the worst mud on earth, because it is always freezingly cold. The intense heat of summer, indeed, never penetrates the earth for more than a few inches. In digging the trenches during mining operations, steam pipes have to run wherever the men are working. The earth is thawed out for a few inches by the impingement of the steam, a little more digging is done till bone hard, frozen earth is again reached, then again the jets are applied, and so on inch by inch. Prospectors working on their own have to use fire buckets and open fires, melting, hacking and melting, their feet exposed to the freezing slush, their heads exposed to the glaring sun. Truly the northern spring and summer, with their maddening glare and myriads of hungry flies, are harder to endure than the period when the trees burst with frost, and the silken banners of the aurora waver overhead.

Often in the spring of the year when out on the trails one is never dry for days on

end, and the thing to aim at is to keep one's feet as dry as possible and one's wrists warm. Soft, well-oiled boots, large enough but not so large as to cause blisters, and really thick woollen socks, serve for one's feet, while soft woollen mitts, about eight inches in length, to cover one's wrists and forearms, are a great comfort. I have made these out of the leg parts of a pair of socks, slackly drawn up at the joint by a strap of buckskin about an inch wide.

Heavy material, such as the Bedford cord so much favoured by officers, is, in my opinion, one of the worst types of material for breeches, as when damp it takes a considerable time to dry. A woolly, porous cloth, through which the air can circulate more or less freely, is far more serviceable, as it dries quickly—especially if there is any breeze—and is always warm. One can be wet through half a dozen times a day, but a few minutes before a fire or a sharp walk in the open relieve one of that clammy, damp feeling experienced for hours after a soaking in heavier garments.

The One Sure Way

But when all is said and done there is only one sure way of fighting the cold—plenty of exercise and plenty of good food. Sugar and bacon are essential, onions are valuable, and it is a curious fact that in cold countries one develops a craving for those foods which the conditions render so vitally necessary.

As regards clothing—wool and leather are man's best friends, but without good food and good health adequate clothing is of little consequence.

CHRISTMAS, 1918

THE festive board is barely spread,
Shorn of so much we counted dear;
Through lightsome chatter drops a pause,
Amid the laughter falls a tear.
Show, piercing like a keen-edged sword,
Those gaps around the Christmas board,
And yet the lives they gave—those dead—
Are one with His Who also died
For us. Each pause with hope should wed,
Our tears gleam rainbow bright with pride.
And Christ will come, with glorious face,
To sit at every vacant place.

AGNES M. MIALl.



WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

By

H. RIDER HAGGARD

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT

Humphrey Arbuthnot, the writer of this narrative, describes how, after his marriage and the death of his wife, he makes a journey to the South Seas accompanied by his two friends, Bastin, the High Church vicar of Fulcombe, and Bickley, an eminent surgeon of pronounced materialistic views. The ship they have chartered is wrecked on a lonely island, and the three friends are the only survivors.

CHAPTER VII

The Orofenans

TO our shame we had a very pleasant supper that night off the grilled fish which was excellent, and some tinned meat. I say to our shame, in a sense, for on our companions the sharks were supping, and by rights we should have been sunk in woe. I suppose that the sense of our own escape intoxicated us. Also, notwithstanding his joviality, none of us had cared much for the captain, and his policy had been to keep us somewhat apart from the crew, of whom therefore we knew but little. It is true that Bastin held services on Sundays, for such as would attend, and Bickley had doctored a few of them for minor ailments, but there, except for a little casual conversation, our intercourse began and ended. The sad fact is that it is hard to be overwhelmed with grief for those with whom we are not intimate.

That night we slept like logs, trusting to

our teak door which we barricaded, and to Tommy, who was a most excellent watchdog, to guard us against surprise. At any rate we took the risk. As a matter of fact, nothing happened, though before dawn Tommy did growl a good deal, for I heard him but as he sank into slumber again on my bed, I did not get up. In the morning I found from fresh footprints that two or three men had been prowling about the ship, though at a little distance.

We rose early, and, taking the necessary precautions, bathed in the pool. Then we breakfasted, and having filled every available receptacle with water, which took us a long time, as these included a large tank that supplied the bath, so that we might have at least a week's supply in case of siege, we went on deck and debated what we should do. In the end we determined to stop where we were and await events, because, as I pointed out, it was necessary that we should discover whether these natives were hostile or friendly. In the

THE QUIVER

former event we could hold our own on the ship, whereas away from it we must be overwhelmed; in the latter there was always time to move inland.

About ten o'clock, when we were seated on stools smoking, with our guns by our side, for here, owing to the overhanging cliff in which it will be remembered the prow of the ship was buried, we could not be reached by missiles thrown from above, we saw numbers of the islanders advancing upon us along the beach on either side. They were accompanied as before by women who bore food on platters and in baskets. These people, all talking excitedly and laughing after their fashion, stopped at a distance, so we took no notice of them. Presently Marama, clad in his feather cloak, and again accompanied by priests or medicine men, appeared walking down the path on the cliff face, and, standing below, made salutations and entered into a conversation with us of which I give the substance—that is, so far as we could understand it.

He reproached us for not having come to him as he expected we would do. We replied that we preferred to remain where we were until we were sure of our greeting, and asked him what was the position. He explained that only once before, in the time of his grandfather, had any people reached their shores, also during a great storm as we had done. They were dark-skinned men like themselves, three of them, but whence they came was never known, since they were at once seized and sacrificed to the god Oro, which was the right thing to do in such a case.

We asked whether he would consider it right to sacrifice us. He replied:

Certainly, unless we were too strong, being gods ourselves, or unless an arrangement could be concluded. We asked—what arrangement? He replied that we must make them gifts; also that we must do what we had promised and cure him—the chief—of the disease which had tormented him for years. In that event everything would be at our disposal, and we, with all our belongings, should become *taboo*, holy, not to be touched. None would attempt to harm us, nothing should be stolen under penalty of death.

We asked him to come up on the deck with only one companion that his sickness might be ascertained, and after much hesitation he consented to do so. Bickley made an examination of the growth, and announced that he believed it could be removed with perfect safety as the attachment to the neck was very slight, but of course there was always a risk. This was explained to him with difficulty, and much talk followed between him and his followers, who gathered on the beach beneath the ship.

They seemed adverse to the experiment, till Marama grew furious with them and at last burst into tears saying that he could no longer drag this terrible burden about with him; and he touched the growth. He would rather die. Then they gave way.

I will tell the rest as shortly as I can.

A hideous wooden idol was brought on board, wrapped in leaves and feathers, and upon it the chief and his head people swore safety to us whether he lived or died, making us the guests of their land. There were, however, two provisos made, or as such we understood them. These seemed to be that we should offer no insult or injury to their god, and secondly, that we should not set foot on the island in the lake. It was not till afterwards that it occurred to me that this must refer to the mountain top which appeared in the inland sheet of water. To those stipulations we made no answer. Indeed, the Orofenans did all the talking. Finally, they ratified their oaths by a man who, I suppose, was a head priest, cutting his arm and rubbing the blood from it on the lips of the idol; also upon those of the chief.

The operation took place that afternoon and on the ship, for when once Marama had made up his mind to trust us he did so very thoroughly. It was performed on deck in the presence of an awed multitude who watched from the shore, and when they saw Bickley appear in a clean nightshirt and wash his hands, uttered a groan of wonder. Evidently they considered it a magical and religious ceremony; indeed, ever afterwards they called Bickley the Great Priest, or sometimes the Great Healer in later days. This was a grievance to Bastin, who considered that he had been robbed of his proper title, especially when he learned that among themselves he was only known as "the Bellow," because of the loud voice in which he addressed them. Nor did Bickley particularly appreciate the compliment.

With my help he administered the chloroform, which was done under shelter of a sail for fear lest the people should think that we were smothering their chief. Then the operation went on to a satisfactory conclusion. I omit the details, but an electric battery and a red-hot wire came into play.

"There," said Bickley triumphantly when he had finished tying the vessels and made everything neat and tidy with bandages. "I was afraid he might bleed to death, but I don't think there is any fear of that now, for I have made a real job of it." Then advancing with the horrid tumour in his hands, he showed it in triumph to the crowd beneath, who groaned again and threw themselves on to their faces. Doubtless now it is the most sacred relic of Orofena.

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

When Marama came out of the anæsthetic, Bickley gave him something which sent him to sleep for twelve hours, during all which time his people waited beneath. This was our dangerous period, for our difficulty was to persuade them that he was not dead, although Bickley had assured them that he would sleep for a time while the magic worked. Still, I was very glad when he woke up on the following morning, and two or three of his leading men could see that he was alive. The rest was lengthy but simple, consisting merely in keeping him quiet and on a suitable diet until there was no fear of the wound opening. We achieved it somehow with the help of an intelligent native woman who, I suppose, was one of his wives, and five days later were enabled to present him, healed though rather tottery, to his affectionate subjects.

It was a great scene, which may be imagined. They bore him away in a litter with the native woman to watch him and another to carry the relic preserved in a basket, and us they acclaimed as gods. Thenceforward we had nothing to fear in Orofena—except Bastin, though this we did not know at the time.

All this while we had been living on our ship and growing very bored there, although we employed the empty hours in conversation with selected natives, thereby improving our knowledge of the language. Bickley had the best of it, since already patients began to arrive which occupied him. One of the first was that man whom Tommy had bitten. He was carried to us in an almost comatose state, suffering apparently from the symptoms of snake poisoning.

Afterwards it turned out that he conceived Tommy to be a divine but most venomous lizard that could make a very horrible noise, and began to suffer as one might do from the bite of such a creature. Nothing that Bickley could do was enough to save him, and ultimately he died in convulsions, a circumstance that enormously enhanced Tommy's reputation.

The end of it all was that we left our ship, having padlocked up the door (the padlock, we explained, was a magical instrument that bit worse than Tommy), and moved inland in a kind of triumphal procession, priests and singers going before (the Orofenans sang extremely well) and minstrels following after playing upon instruments like flutes, while behind came the bearers carrying such goods as we needed. They took us to a beautiful place in a grove of palms on a ridge where grew many breadfruit trees, that commanded a view of the ocean upon one side and of the lake with the strange brown mountain top on the other. Here in the midst of the native gardens we found that a fine house had been built for us of a kind of mud

brick and thatched with palm leaves, surrounded by a fenced courtyard of beaten earth, and having wide overhanging verandahs; a very comfortable place indeed in that delicious climate. In it we took up our abode, visiting the ship occasionally to see that all was well there, and awaiting events.

For Bickley these soon began to happen in the shape of an ever-increasing stream of patients. The population of the island was considerable, anything between five and ten thousand, so far as we could judge, and among these of course there were a number of sick. Ophthalmia, for instance, was a prevalent disease, as were the growths such as Marama had suffered from, to say nothing of surgical cases and those resulting from accident and nervous ailments. With all of these Bickley was called upon to deal, which he did with remarkable success by help of his books on Tropical Diseases and his ample supplies of medical necessities.

At first he enjoyed it very much, but when we had been established in the house for about three weeks he remarked, after putting in a solid ten hours of work, that for all the holiday he was getting he might as well be back at his old practice, with the difference that there he was earning several thousands a year. Just then a poor woman arrived with a baby in convulsions to whose necessities he was obliged to sacrifice his supper, after which came a man who had fallen from a palm tree and broken his leg.

Nor did I escape, since, having somehow or other established a reputation for wisdom, as soon as I had mastered sufficient of the language, every kind of knotty case was laid before me for decision. In short, I became a sort of Chief Justice—not an easy office as it involved the acquirement of the native law which was intricate and peculiar, especially in matrimonial cases.

Bastin approached Marama and asked his leave to teach the people about the gods. The chief readily granted this, thinking, I believe, that he alluded to ourselves, and orders were issued accordingly. They were to the effect that Bastin was to be allowed to go everywhere unmolested and to talk to whom he would about what he would, to which all must listen with respect.

Thus he began his missionary career in Orofena, working at it, good and earnest man that he was, in a way that excited even the admiration of Bickley. He started a school for children, which was held under a fine, spreading tree. These listened well, and being of exceedingly quick intellect, soon began to pick up the elements of knowledge.

Also he preached to the adults, and here again was very successful in a way,

THE QUIVER

especially after he became more familiar with the language. They listened; to a certain extent they understood; they argued and put to poor Bastin the most awful questions such as the whole Bench of Bishops could not have answered. Still he did answer them somehow, and they politely accepted his interpretations of their theological riddles. I observed that he got on best when he was telling them stories out of the Old Testament, such as the account of the creation of the world and of human beings, also of the Deluge, etc. Indeed one of their elders said—Yes, this was quite true. They had heard it all before from their fathers, and that once the Deluge had taken place round Orofena, swallowing up great countries, but sparing them because they were so good.

Bastin, surprised, asked them who had caused the deluge. They replied, Oro, which was the name of their god, Oro, who dwelt yonder on the mountain in the lake, and whose representation they worshipped in idols. Bastin told them that God dwelt in Heaven, to which they replied with calm certainty:

"No, no, he dwells on the mountain in the lake," which was why they never dared to approach that mountain.

Indeed it was only by giving the name Oro to the Divinity and admitting that He might dwell in the mountain as well as everywhere else, that Bastin was able to make progress. Having conceded this, not without scruples, however, he did make considerable progress, so much, in fact, that I perceived that the priests of Oro were beginning to grow very jealous of him and of his increasing authority with the people. Bastin was naturally triumphant, and even exclaimed exultingly that within a year he would have as many as half of the population baptised.

"Within a year, my dear fellow," said Bickley, "you will have your throat cut as a sacrifice, and probably ours also. It is a pity, too, as within that time I should have stamped out ophthalmia and some other diseases in the island."

Here, leaving Bastin and his good work aside for a while, I will say a little about the country. From information which I gathered on some journeys that I made and by inquiries from the chief Marama, who had become devoted to us, I found that Orofena was quite a large place. In shape the island was circular, a broad band of territory surrounding the great lake of which I have spoken, that in its turn surrounded a smaller island from which rose the mountain top. No other land was known to be near the shores of Orofena, which had never been visited by anyone except the strangers a hundred years ago

or so, who were sacrificed and eaten. Most of the island was covered with forest which the inhabitants lacked the energy, and indeed had no tools, to fell. They were an extremely lazy people and would only cultivate enough bananas and other food to satisfy their immediate needs. In truth they lived mostly upon breadfruit and other products of the wild trees.

Thus it came about that in years of scarcity through drought or climatic causes, which prevented the forest trees from bearing, they suffered very much from hunger. In such years hundreds of them would perish and the remainder resorted to the dreadful expedient of cannibalism. Sometimes, too, the shoals of fish avoided their shores, reducing them to great misery. Their only domestic animal was the pig which roamed about half wild and in no great numbers, for they had never taken the trouble to breed it in captivity. Their resources, therefore, were limited, which accounted for the comparative smallness of the population, further reduced as it was by a wicked habit of infanticide practised in order to lighten the burden of bringing up children.

They had no traditions as to how they reached this land, their belief being that they had always been there but that their forefathers were much greater than they. They were poetical, and sang songs in a language which themselves they could not understand; they said that it was the tongue their forefathers had spoken. Also they had several strange customs of which they did not know the origin. My own opinion, which Bickley shared, was that they were in fact a shrunken and deteriorated remnant of some high race now coming to its end through age and inter-breeding. About them indeed, notwithstanding their primitive savagery which in its qualities much resembled that of other Polynesians, there was a very curious air of antiquity. One felt that they had known the older world and its mysteries, though now both were forgotten. Also their language, which in time we came to speak perfectly, was copious, musical, and expressive in its idioms.

One circumstance I must mention. In walking about the country I observed all over it enormous holes, some of them measuring as much as a hundred yards across, with a depth of fifty feet or more, and this not on alluvial lands although there traces of them existed also, but in solid rock. What this rock was I do not know as none of us were geologists, but it seemed to me to partake of the nature of granite. Certainly it was not coral like that on and about the coast, but of a primeval formation.

When I asked Marama what caused these

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

CHAPTER VIII

Bastin Attempts the Martyr's Crown

holes he only shrugged his shoulders and said he did not know, but their fathers had declared that they were made by stones falling from heaven. This, of course, suggested meteorites to my mind. I submitted the idea to Bickley, who, in one of his rare intervals of leisure, came with me to make an examination.

"If they were meteorites," he said, "of which a shower struck the earth in some past geological age, all life must have been destroyed by them and their remains ought to exist at the bottom of the holes. To me they look more like the effect of high explosives, but that, of course, is impossible, though I don't know what else could have raised such craters."

Then he went back to his work, for nothing that had to do with antiquity interested Bickley very much. The present and its problems were enough for him, he would say, who neither had lived in the past nor expected to have any share in the future.

As I remained curious I made an opportunity to scramble to the bottom of one of these craters, taking with me some of the natives with their wooden tools. Here I found a good deal of soil either washed down from the surface or resulting from the decomposition of the rock, though, oddly enough, in it nothing grew. I directed them to dig. After a while, to my astonishment, there appeared a corner of a great worked stone quite unlike that of the crater, indeed it seemed to me to be of marble.

Further examination showed that this block was most beautifully carved in bas-relief, apparently with a design of leaves and flowers. In the disturbed soil also I picked up a life-sized marble hand of a woman exquisitely finished and apparently broken from a statue that might have been the work of one of the great Greek sculptors. Moreover, on the third finger of this hand was a representation of a ring whereof, unfortunately, the bezel had been destroyed.

I put the hand in my pocket, but as darkness was coming on, I could not pursue the research and disinter the block. When I wished to return the next day, I was informed politely by Marama that it would not be safe for me to do so as the priests of Oro declared that if I sought to meddle with the "buried things the God would grow angry and doubtless bring disaster on me."

When I persisted he said that at least I must go alone since no native would accompany me, and added earnestly that he prayed me not to go.

So to my great regret and disappointment I was obliged to give up the idea altogether.

THAT carved stone and the marble hand took a great hold on my imagination. What did they mean?

How could they have come to the bottom of that hole, unless indeed they were part of some building and its ornaments which had been destroyed in the neighbourhood? The stone of which we had only uncovered a corner seemed far too big to have been carried there from any ship; it must have weighed several tons. Besides, ships do not carry such things about the world, and none had visited this island during the last two centuries at any rate, or local tradition would have recorded so wonderful a fact. Were there, then, once edifices covered with elegant carving standing on this place, and were they adorned with lovely statues that would not have disgraced the best period of Greek art? The thing was incredible except on the supposition that these were relics of an utterly lost civilisation.

Bickley was as much puzzled as myself. All he could say was that the world was infinitely old and many things might have happened in it whereof we had no record. Even Bastin was excited for a little while, but as his imagination was represented by zero, all he could say was:

"I suppose someone left them there, and anyhow it doesn't matter much, does it?"

But I who have certain leanings towards the ancient and mysterious could not be put off in this fashion. I remembered that unapproachable mountain in the midst of the lake and that on it appeared to be something which looked like ruins as seen from the top of the cliff through glasses. At any rate this was a point that I might clear up.

Saying nothing to anybody, one morning I slipped away and walked to the edge of the lake, a distance of five or six miles over rough country. Having arrived there I perceived that the cone-shaped mountain in the centre, which was about a mile from the lake shore, was much larger than I had thought, quite three hundred feet high indeed, and with a very large circumference. Further, its sides evidently once had been terraced, and it was on one of these broad terraces, half way up and facing towards the rising sun, that the ruin-like remains were heaped. I examined them through my glasses. Undoubtedly it was a cyclopean ruin built of great blocks of coloured stone which seemed to have been shattered by earthquake or explosion. There were the pillars of a mighty gateway and the remains of walls.

I trembled with excitement as I stared and stared. Could I not get to the place and see for myself? I observed that from

THE QUIVER

the flat bush-clad land at the foot of the mountain ran out what seemed to be the residue of a stone pier which ended in a large table-topped rock between two and three hundred feet across. But even this was too far to reach by swimming, besides for aught I knew there might be alligators in that lake. I walked up and down its borders, till presently I came to a path which led into a patch of some variety of cotton palm.

Following this path I discovered a boat-house thatched over with palm leaves. Inside it were two good canoes with their paddles, floating and tied to the stumps of trees by fibre ropes. Instantly I made up my mind that I would paddle to the island and investigate. Just as I was about to step into one of the canoes the light was cut off. Looking up I saw that a man was crouching in the door-place of the boat-house in order to enter, and paused guiltily.

"Friend-from-the-Sea" (that was the name that these islanders had given to me), said the voice of Marama, "say—what are you doing here?"

"I am about to take a row on the lake, Chief," I answered carelessly.

"Indeed, Friend. Have we then treated you so badly that you are tired of life?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Come out into the sunlight, Friend, and I will explain to you."

I hesitated till I saw Marama lifting the heavy wooden spear he carried and remembered that I was unarmed. Then I came out.

"What does all this mean, Chief?" I asked angrily when we were clear of the patch of cotton palm.

"I mean, Friend, that you have been very near to making a longer journey than you thought. Have patience now and listen to me. I saw you leaving the village this morning and followed, suspecting your purpose. Yes, I followed alone, saying nothing to the priests of Oro who fortunately were away watching the Bellow for their own reasons. I saw you searching out the secrets of the mountain with those magic tubes that make things big that are small, and things that are far off come near, and I followed you to the canoes."

"All that is plain enough, Marama. But why?"

"Have I not told you, Friend-from-the-Sea, that yonder hill which is called Oro-fena, whence this island takes its name, is sacred?"

"You said so, but what of it?"

"This: to set foot thereon is to die and, I suppose, great as you are, you, too, can die like others. At least, although I love you, had you not come away from that canoe I was about to discover whether this is so."

"Then for what are the canoes used?" I asked with irritation.

"You see that flat rock, Friend, with the hole beyond, which is the mouth of a cave that appeared only in the great storm that brought you to our land? They are used to convey offerings which are laid upon the rock. Beyond it no man may go, and since the beginning no man has ever gone."

"Offerings to whom?"

"To the Oromatuas, the spirits of the great dead who live there."

"Oromatuas? Oro! It is always something to do with Oro. Who and what is Oro?"

"Oro is a god, Friend, though it is true that the priests say that above him there is a greater god called Degai, the Creator, the Fate who made all things and directs all things."

"Very well, but why do you suppose that Oro, the servant of Degai, lives in that mountain? I thought that he lived in a Grove yonder where your priests, as I am told, have an image of him."

"I do not know, Friend-from-the-Sea, but so it has been held from the beginning. The image in the Grove is only visited by his spirit from time to time. Now, I pray you, come back, and before the priests discover that you have been here, and forget that there are any canoes upon this lake."

So, thinking it wisest, I turned the matter with a laugh and walked away with him to the village. On our road I tried to extract some more information but without success. He did not know who built the ruin upon the mountain, or who destroyed it. He did not know how the terraces came there. All he knew was that during the convulsion of Nature which resulted in the tidal wave that had thrown our ship upon the island, the mountain had been seen to quiver like a tree in the wind as though within it great forces were at work. Then it was observed to have risen a good many more feet above the surface of the lake, as might be noted by the water mark upon the shore, and then also the mouth of the cave had appeared. The priests said that all this was because Oromatuas who dwelt there were stirring, which portended great things. Indeed great things had happened—for had we not arrived in their land?

I thanked him for what he had told me, and, as there was nothing more to be learned, dropped the subject, which was never mentioned between us again, at least not for a long while. But in my heart I determined that I would reach that mountain even though to do so I must risk my life. Something seemed to call me to the place; it was as though I were being drawn by a magnet.

As it happened, before so very long I did go to the mountain, not of my own will but because I was obliged. It came about thus. One night I asked Bastin how he was get-

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

ring on with his missionary work. He replied: Very well indeed, but there was one great obstacle in his path, the idol in the Grove. Were it not for this accursed image he believed that the whole island would become Christian. I asked him to be more plain. He explained that all his work was thwarted by this idol, since his converts declared that they did not dare to be baptised while it sat there in the Grove. If they did, the spirit that was in it would bewitch them and perhaps steal out at night and murder them.

"The spirit being our friends the sorcerers," I suggested.

"That's it, Arbutnot. Do you know, I believe those devilish men sometimes offer human sacrifices to this satanic fetish when there is a drought or anything of that sort."

"I can quite believe it," I answered, "but as they will scarcely remove their god and with it their livelihood and authority, I am afraid that as we don't want to be sacrificed, there is nothing to be done."

At this moment I was called away. As I went I heard Bastin muttering something about martyrs, but paid no attention. Little did I guess what was going on in his pious but obstinate mind. In effect it was this—that if no one else would remove that idol he was quite ready to do it himself.



"I hesitated till I saw Marama lifting the heavy wooden spear."

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

However, he was very cunning over that business, almost Jesuitical indeed. Not one word did he breathe of his dark plans to me, and still less to Bickley. He just went on with his teaching, lamenting from time to time the stumbling-block of the idol and expressing wonder as to how it might be circumvented by a change in the hearts of the islanders, or otherwise. Sad as it is to record, in fact, dear old Bastin went as near

THE QUIVER

to telling a fib in connection with this matter as I suppose he had ever done in his life. It happened thus. One day Bickley's sharp eye caught sight of Bastin walking about with what looked like a bottle of whisky in his pocket.

"Hallo, old fellow," he said, "I didn't know that you took pegs on the sly," and he pointed to the bottle.

"If you are insinuating, Bickley, that I absorb spirits surreptitiously, you are more mistaken than usual, which is saying a good deal. This bottle contains, not Scotch whisky but paraffin, although I admit that its label may have misled you, unintentionally, so far as I am concerned."

"What are you going to do with the paraffin?" asked Bickley.

Bastin coloured through his tan and replied awkwardly:

"Paraffin is very good to keep away mosquitoes if one can stand the smell of it upon one's skin. Not that I have brought it here with that sole object. The truth is that I am anxious to experiment with a lamp of my own design made—um—of native wood," and he departed in a hurry.

"When next old Bastin wants to tell a lie," commented Bickley, "he should make up his mind as to what it is to be, and stick to it. I wonder what he is after with that paraffin? Not going to dose any of my patients with it, I hope. He was arguing the other day that it was a great remedy taken internally, being quite unaware that the lamp variety is not used for that purpose."

"Perhaps he means to swallow some himself, just to show that he is right," I suggested.

"The stomach-pump is at hand," said Bickley, and the matter dropped.

Next morning I got up before it was light. Having some elementary knowledge of the main facts of astronomy, which remained with me from boyhood when I had attended lectures on the subject, and which I had tried to refresh by help of an encyclopædia I had brought from the ship, I wished to attempt to obtain an idea of our position by help of the stars. In this endeavour, I may say, I failed absolutely, as I did not know how to take a stellar or any other observation.

On my way out of our native house I observed, by the lantern I carried, that the compartment of it occupied by Bastin was empty, and wondered whither he had gone at that hour. On arriving at my observation-post, a rocky eminence on open ground, where, with Tommy at my side, I took my seat with a telescope, I was astonished to see or rather to hear a great number of the natives walking past the base of the mound towards the bush. Then I remembered that someone, Marama, I think, had informed me that there was to be a great sacrifice to

Oro at dawn on that day. After this I thought no more of the matter but occupied myself in a futile study of the heavenly bodies. At length the dawn broke and put a period to my labours.

Glancing round me before I descended from the little hill, I saw a flame of light appear suddenly about half a mile or more away among those trees which I knew concealed the image of Oro. On this personally I had never had the curiosity to look, as I knew that it was only a hideous idol stuck over with feathers and other bedizements. The flame shot suddenly straight into the still air and was followed a few seconds later by the sound of a dull explosion, after which it went out. Also it was followed by something else—a scream of rage from an infuriated mob.

At the foot of the hill I stopped to wonder what these sounds might mean. Then of a sudden appeared Bickley, who had been attending some urgent case, and asked me who was exploding gunpowder. I told him that I had no idea.

"Then I have," he answered. "It is that ass Bastin up to some game. Now I guess why he wanted that paraffin. Listen to the row. What are they after?"

"Sacrificing Bastin, perhaps," I replied, half in jest. "Have you your revolver?"

He nodded. We always wore our pistols if we went out during the dark hours.

"Then perhaps we had better go to see."

We started, and had not covered a hundred yards before a girl, whom I recognised as one of Bastin's converts, came flinging towards us and screaming out, "Help! Help!! They kill the Bellowers with fire! They cook him like a pig!"

"Just what I expected," said Bickley.

Then we ran hard, as evidently there was no time to lose. While we went I extracted from the terrified girl, whom we forced to show us the way, that as the sacrifice was about to be offered Bastin had appeared, and, "making fire," applied it to the god Oro, who instantly burst into flame. Then he ran back, calling out that the devil was dead. As he did so there was a loud explosion and Oro flew into pieces. His burning head went a long way into the air and, falling on to one of the priests, killed him. Thereon the other priests and the people seized the Bellowers and made him fast. Now they were engaged in heating an oven in which to put him to cook. When it was ready they would eat him in honour of Oro.

"And serve him right too!" gasped Bickley, who, being stout, was not a good runner. "Why can't he leave other people's gods alone instead of blowing them up with gunpowder?"

"Don't know," I answered. "Hope we shall get there in time!"

"To be cooked and eaten with Bastin!"

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

wheezed Bickley, after which his breath gave out.

As it chanced we did, for these stone ovens take a long time to heat. There by the edge of his fiery grave, with his hands and legs bound in palm-fibre shackles, stood Bastin, quite unmoved, smiling indeed, in a sort of seraphic way which irritated us both extremely. Round him danced the infuriated priests of Oro, and round them, shrieking and howling with rage, was most of the population of Orofena. We rushed up so suddenly that none tried to stop us, and took our stand on either side of him, producing our pistols as we did so.

"Thank you for coming," said Bastin in the silence which followed; "though I don't think it is the least use. I cannot recall that any of the early martyrs were ever roasted and eaten, though, of course, throwing them into boiling oil or water was fairly common. I take it that the rite is sacrificial and even in a low sense, sacramental, not merely one of common cannibalism."

I stared at him, and Bickley gasped out:

"If you are to be eaten, what does it matter why you are eaten?"

"Oh!" replied Bastin; "there is all the difference in the world, though it is one that I cannot expect you to appreciate. And now please be quiet as I wish to say my prayers. I imagine that those stones will be hot enough to do their office within twenty minutes or so, which is not very long."

At that moment Marama appeared, evidently in a state of great perturbation. With him were some of the priests or procurers who were dancing about as I imagine the priests of Baal must have done, and filled with fury. They rolled their eyes, they stuck out their tongues, they uttered weird cries, and shook their wooden knives at the placid Bastin.

"What is the matter?" I asked sternly of the chief.

"This, Friend-from-the-Sea. The Bellower there, when the sacrifice was about to be offered to Oro at the dawn, rushed forward, and having thrust something between the legs of the image of the god, poured yellow water over it, and with fire caused it to burst into fierce flame. Then he ran away and mocked the god who presently, with a loud report, flew into pieces and killed that man. Therefore the Bellower must be sacrificed."

"What to?" I asked. "The image has gone and the piece of it that ascended fell, not upon the Bellower, as would have happened if the god had been angry with him, but on one of its own priests, whom it killed. Therefore, having been sacrificed by the god itself, he it is that should be eaten, not the Bellower, who merely did what his Spirit bade him."

This ingenious argument seemed to produce some effect upon Marama, but to the priests it did not at all appeal.

"Eat them all!" these cried. "They are the enemies of Oro and have worked sacrilege!"

Moreover, to judge from their demeanour, the bulk of the people seemed to agree with them. Things began to look very ugly. The priests rushed forward, threatening us with their wooden weapons, and one of them even aimed a blow at Bickley, which only missed him by an inch or two.

"Look here, my friend," called the doctor, whose temper was rising, "you name me the Great Priest or Great Healer, do you not? Well, be careful, lest I should show you that I can kill as well as heal!"

Not in the least intimidated by this threat the man, a great bedizened fellow who literally was foaming at the mouth with rage, rushed forward again, his club raised, apparently with the object of dashing out Bickley's brains.

Suddenly Bickley lifted his revolver and fired. The man, shot through the heart, sprang into the air and fell upon his face—stone dead. There was consternation, for these people had never seen us shoot anything before, and were quite unacquainted with the properties of firearms, which they supposed to be merely instruments for making a noise. They stared, they gasped in fear and astonishment, and then they fled, pursued by Tommy, barking, leaving us alone with the two dead men.

"It was time to teach them a lesson," said Bickley as he replaced the empty cartridge, and, seizing the dead man, rolled him into the burning pit.

"Yes," I answered; "but presently, when they have got over their fright, they will come back to teach us one."

Bastin said nothing; he seemed too dazed at the turn events had taken.

"What do you suggest?" asked Bickley.

"Flight," I answered.

"Where to—the ship? We might hold that."

"No; that is what they expect. Look! They are cutting off our road there. To the island in the lake where they dare not follow us, for it is holy ground."

"How are we going to live on the island?" asked Bickley.

"I don't know," I replied; "but I am quite certain that if we stay here we shall die."

"Very well," he said; "let us try it."

While we were speaking I was cutting Bastin's bonds.

"Thank you," he said. "It is a great relief to stretch one's arms after they have been compressed with cords. But at the same time I do not know that I am really grateful. The martyr's crown was hanging

THE QUIVER

above me, so to speak, and now it has vanished into the pit, like that man whom Bickley murdered.

"Look here," exclaimed the exasperated Bickley, "if you say much more, Bastin, I'll chuck you into the pit too, to look for your martyr's crown, for I think you have done enough mischief for one morning."

"If you are trying to shift the responsibility for that unfortunate man's destruction on to me—"

"Oh! shut it and trot," broke in Bickley. "Those infernal savages are coming with your blessed converts leading the van."

So we "trotted" at no mean pace. As we passed it, Bastin stooped down and picked up the head of the image of Oro, much as Atalanta in Academy pictures is represented as doing to the apples, and bore it away in triumph.

"I know it is scorched," he ejaculated at intervals, "but they might trim it up and stick it on to a new body as the original false god. Now they *can't*, for there's nothing left."

As a matter of fact, we were never in any real danger, for our pursuit was very half-hearted indeed. To begin with, now that their first rage was over, the Orofenans, who were fond of us, had no particular wish to do us to death, while the ardour of their sorcerers, who wished this very much, had been greatly cooled by the mysterious annihilation of their idol and the violent deaths of two of their companions, which they thought might be re-duplicated in their own persons. So it came about that the chase, if noisy, was neither close nor eager.

We reached the edge of the lake where was the boathouse of which I have spoken already, travelling at little more than a walk. Here we made Bastin unfasten the better of the two canoes that by good luck was almost filled with offerings, which doubtless, according to custom, must be made upon the day of this feast to Oro, while we watched against surprise at the boathouse door. When he was ready we slipped in and took our seats, Tommy jumping in after us, and pushed the canoe, now very heavily laden, out into the lake.

Here, at a distance of about forty paces, which we judged to be beyond wooden spear-throw, we rested upon our paddles to see what would happen. All the crowd of islanders had rushed to the lake edge where they stood staring at us stupidly. Bastin, thinking the occasion opportune, lifted the hideous head of the idol which he had carefully washed, and began to preach on the downfall of "the god of the Grove."

This action of his appeared to awake memories or forebodings in the minds of his congregation. Perhaps some ancient prophecy was concerned—I do not know. At any rate, one of the priests shouted some-

thing, whereon everybody began to talk at once. Then, stooping down, they threw water from the lake over themselves and rubbed its sand and mud into their hair, all the while making genuflexions towards the mountain in the middle, after which they turned and departed.

"Don't you think we had better go back?" asked Bastin. "Evidently my words have touched them and their minds are melting beneath the light of Truth."

"Oh! by all means," replied Bickley with sarcasm; "for then their spears will touch *us*, and our bodies will soon be melting above the fires of that pit."

"Perhaps you are right," said Bastin; "at least, I admit that you have made matters very difficult by your unjustifiable homicide of that priest who I do not think meant to injure you seriously, and really was not at all a bad fellow, though opinionated in some ways. Also, I do not suppose that anybody is expected, as it were, to run his head into the martyr's crown. When it settles there of itself it is another matter."

"Like a butterfly!" exclaimed the enraged Bickley.

"Yes, if you like to put it that way, though the simile seems a very poor one; like a sunbeam would be better."

Here Bickley gave way with his paddle so vigorously that the canoe was as nearly as possible upset into the lake.

In due course we reached the flat Rock of Offerings, which proved to be quite as wide as a double croquet lawn and much longer.

"What are those?" I asked, pointing to certain knobs on the edge of the rock at a spot where a curved projecting point made a little harbour.

Bickley examined them and answered:

"I should say that they are the remains of stone mooring-posts worn down by many thousands of years of weather. Yes, look, there is the cut of the cables upon the base of that one, and very big cables they must have been."

We stared at one another—that is, Bickley and I did, for Bastin was still engaged in contemplating the blackened head of the god which he had overthrown.

CHAPTER IX

The Island in the Lake

WE made the canoe fast and landed on the great rock, to perceive that it was really a peninsula. That is to say, it was joined to the main land of the lake island by a broad roadway quite fifty yards across, which appeared to end in the mouth of the cave. On this causeway we noted a very remarkable thing, namely, two grooves separated by an exact

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WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

distance of nine feet, which ran into the mouth of the cave and vanished there.

"Explain!" said Bickley.

"Paths," I said, "worn by countless feet walking on them for thousands of years."

"You should cultivate the art of observation, Arbuthnot. What do you say, Bastin?"

He stared at the grooves through his spectacles, and replied:

"I don't say anything, except that I can't see anybody to make paths here. Indeed, the place seems quite unpopulated, and all the Orofenans told me that they never landed on it because if they did they would die. It is a part of their superstitious nonsense. If you have any idea in your head you had better tell us quickly before we breakfast. I am very hungry."

"You always are," remarked Bickley; "even when most people's appetites might have been affected. Well, I think that this great plateau was once a landing-place for flying machines, and that there is the air-shed or garage."

Bastin stared at him.

"Don't you think we had better breakfast?" he said. "There are two roast pigs in that canoe, and lots of other food, enough to last us a week, I should say. Of course, I understand that the blood you have shed has thrown you off your balance. I believe it has that effect, except on the most hardened. Flying machines were only invented a few years ago by the brothers Wright, in America."

"Bastin," said Bickley, "stop talking nonsense and listen. If those were paths worn by feet they would run to the edge of the rock. They do not. They begin there in that gentle depression and slope upwards somewhat steeply. The air machines, which were evidently large, lit in the depression, possibly as a bird does, and then ran on wheels or sledge skids along the grooves to the air-shed in the mountain. Come to the cave and you will see."

"Not till we have breakfasted," said Bastin. "I will get out a pig. As a matter of fact, I had no supper last night, as I was taking a class of native boys and making some arrangements of my own."

As for me, I only whistled. It all seemed very feasible. And yet how could such things be?

We unloaded the canoe and ate. Bastin's appetite was splendid. Indeed, I had to ask him to remember that when this supply was done I did not know where we should find any more.

"Take no thought for the morrow," he replied. "I have no doubt it will come from somewhere," and he helped himself to another chop.

Never had I admired him so much. Not a couple of hours before he was about to be

cruelly murdered and eaten. But this did not seem to affect him in the least. Bastin was the only man I have ever known with a really perfect faith. It is a quality worth having and one that makes for happiness. What a great thing not to care whether you are breakfasted on, or breakfast!

"I see that there is lots of driftwood about here," he remarked, "but unfortunately we have no tea, so in this climate it is of little use unless, indeed, we can catch some fish and cook them."

"Stop talking about eating and help us to haul up the canoe," said Bickley.

Between the three of us we dragged and carried the canoe a long way from the lake, fearing lest the natives should come and bear it off with our provisions. Then, having given Tommy his breakfast off the scraps, we walked to the cave. I glanced at my companions. Bickley's face was alight with scientific eagerness. Here are not dreams or speculations, but facts to be learned, it seemed to say, and I will learn them. The past is going to show me some of its secrets, to tell me how men of long ago lived and died and how far they had advanced to that point on the road of civilisation at which I stand in my little hour of existence.

That of Bastin was mildly interested, no more. Obviously, with half his mind he was thinking of something else, probably of his converts on the main island and of the school class fixed for this hour which circumstances prevented him from attending.

And I! What did I feel? I do not know; I cannot describe. An extraordinary attraction, a semi-spiritual exaltation, I think. That cave mouth might have been a magnet drawing my soul. I was being drawn, drawn to I knew not what, and if it were to doom—well, no matter.

We reached the mouth of the cave. It was a vast place; perhaps the arch of it was a hundred feet high, and I could see that once all this arch had been adorned with sculptures. Protected as these were by the over-hanging rock, for the sculptured mouth of the cave was cut deep into the mountain face, they were still so worn that it was impossible to discern their details. Time had eaten them away like an acid. But what length of time? I could not guess, but it must have been stupendous to have worked thus upon that hard and sheltered rock.

This came home to me with added force when, as subsequent examination showed us, we learned to understand that the entire mouth of this cave had been sealed up for unnumbered ages. It will be remembered that Marama told me the mountain in the lake had risen much during the frightful cyclone in which we were wrecked, and with

THE QUIVER

it the cave mouth which previously had been invisible. From the markings on the mountain side it was obvious that something of the sort had happened very recently, at any rate on this eastern face. That is, either the flat rock had sunk or the volcano had been thrown upwards.

Once in the far past the cave had been as it was when we found it. Then it had gone down in such a way that the table-rock entirely sealed the entrance. Now this entrance was once more open, and although of course there was a break in them, the grooves of which I have spoken ran on into the cave at only a slightly different level from that at which they lay upon the flat rock. And yet, although they had been thus sheltered by a great stone curtain in front of them, still these sculptures were worn away by the tooth of Time. Of course, however, this may have happened to them *before* they were buried in some ancient cataclysm, to be thus resurrected at the hour of our arrival upon the island.

Without pausing to make any closer examination of these crumbled carvings, we entered the yawning mouth of that great place, following and indeed walking in the deep grooves that I have mentioned. Presently it seemed to open out as a courtyard might at the end of a passage; yes, to open on to some vast place whereof in that gloom we could not see the roof or the limits. All we knew was that it must be enormous—the echoes of our voices and footsteps told us as much, for these seemed to come back to us from high, high above and from far, far away. Bickley and I said nothing; we were too overcome. But Bastin remarked:

"Did you ever go to Olympia? I did once to see a kind of play where the people said nothing, only ran about dressed up. This place is like an underground Olympia."

"Oh, be quiet!" I said, for though Bastin's description was not bad, his monotonous, drawing voice jarred on me in that solemnity.

"Be careful where you walk," whispered Bickley, for even he seemed awed, "there may be pits in this floor."

"I wish we had a light," I said, halting.

"If candles are of any use," broke in Bastin, "as it happens I have a packet in my pocket. I took them with me this morning for a certain purpose."

"Not unconnected with the paraffin and the burning of the idol, I suppose?" said Bickley. "Hand them over."

"Yes; if I had been allowed a little more time I intended—"

"Never mind what you intended; we know what you did and that's enough," said Bickley as he snatched the packet from Bastin's hand and proceeded to undo it,

adding, "By heaven! I have no matches, nor have you, Arbuthnot!"

"I have a dozen boxes of wax vestas in my other pocket," said Bastin. "You see, they burn so well when you want to get up a fire on a damp idol. As you may have noticed, the dew is very heavy here."

In due course these too were produced. I took possession of them, as they were too valuable to be left in the charge of Bastin, and, extracting a box from the packet, lit two of the candles, which were of the short, thick variety, like those used in carriage-lamps.

Presently they burned up, making two faint stars of light, which, however, were not strong enough to show us either the roof or the sides of that vast place. By their aid we pursued our path, still following the grooves, till suddenly these came to an end. Now all around us was a flat floor of rock which, as we perceived clearly when we pushed aside the dust that had gathered thickly on it in the course of ages, doubtless from the gradual disintegration of the stony walls, had once been polished till it resembled black marble. Indeed, certain cracks in the floor appeared to have been filled in with some dark-coloured cement. I stood looking at them while Bickley wandered off to the right and a little forward, and presently called to me. I walked to him, Bastin sticking close to me, as I had the other candle, as did the little dog Tommy, who did not like these new surroundings and would not leave my heels.

"Look," said Bickley, holding up his candle, "and tell me—what's that?"

Before me, faintly shown, was some curious structure of gleaming rods made of yellowish metal, which rods appeared to be connected by wires. The structure might have been forty feet high and perhaps a hundred long. Its bottom part was buried in dust.

"What is that?" asked Bickley again.

I made no answer, for I was thinking. Bastin, however, replied:

"It's difficult to be sure in this light, but I should think that it may be the remains of a cage in which some people who lived here kept monkeys, or perhaps it was an aviary. Look at those little ladders for the monkeys to climb by, or possibly for the birds to sit on."

"Are you sure it wasn't tame angels?" asked Bickley.

"What a ridiculous remark! How can you keep an angel in a cage? I—"

"Aeroplane!" I almost whispered to Bickley.

"You've got it!" he answered. "The framework of an aeroplane and a jolly large one, too. Only why hasn't it oxidised?"

"Some indestructible metal," I sug-



"The man, shot through the heart, sprang into the air"—p. 125.

Drawn by
A. C. Mitchell.

THE QUIVER

gested. "Gold, for instance, does not oxidise."

He nodded and said:

"We shall have to dig it out. The dust is feet thick about it; we can do nothing without spades. Come on."

We went round to the end of the structure, whatever it might be, and presently came to another. Again we went on and came to another, all of them being berthed exactly in line.

"What did I tell you?" said Bickley in a voice of triumph. "A whole garage full, a regular fleet of aeroplanes!"

"That must be nonsense," said Bastin, "for I am quite sure that these Orofenans cannot make such things. Indeed, they have no metal, and even cut the throats of pigs with wooden knives."

Now I began to walk forward, bearing to the left so as to regain our former line. We could do nothing with these metal skeletons, and I felt that there must be more to find beyond. Presently I saw something looming ahead of me and quickened my pace, only to recoil. For there, not thirty feet away and perhaps three hundred yards from the mouth of the cave, suddenly appeared what looked like a gigantic man. Tommy saw it also and barked as dogs do when they are frightened, and the sound of his yaps echoed endlessly from every quarter, which scared him to silence. Recovering myself, I went forward, for now I guessed the truth. It was not a man, but a statue.

The thing stood upon a huge base which lessened by successive steps, eight of them, I think, to its summit. The foot of this base may have been a square of fifty feet or rather more; the real support or pedestal of the statue, however, was only a square of about six feet. The figure itself was a little above life-size, or at any rate above our life-size, say seven feet in height. It was very peculiar in sundry ways.

To begin with, nothing of the body was visible, for it was swathed like a corpse. From these wrappings projected one arm, the right, in the hand of which was the likeness of a lighted torch. The head was not veiled. It was that of a man, long-nosed, thin-lipped, stern-visaged, the countenance pervaded by an awful and unutterable calm, as deep as that of Buddha, only less benign. On the brow was a wreathed head-dress, not unlike an Eastern turban, from which sprang two little wings resembling in some degree those on the famous Greed head of Hypnos, lord of Sleep. Between the folds of the wrappings on the back sprang two other wings, enormous wings bent like those of a bird about to take flight. Indeed the whole attitude of the figure suggested that it was springing from earth to air. It was executed in black

basalt or some stone of the sort, and very highly finished. For instance, on the bare feet and the arm which held the torch could be felt every muscle and even some of the veins. In the same way the details of the skull were perfectly perceptible to the touch, although at first sight not visible on the marble surface. This was ascertained by climbing on the pedestal and feeling the face with our hands.

Here I may say that its modelling as well as that of the feet and the arm filled Bickley, who, of course, was a highly trained anatomist, with absolute amazement. He said that he would never have thought it possible that such accuracy could have been reached by an artist working in so hard a material.

When the others had arrived we studied this relic as closely as our two candles would allow, and in turn expressed our opinions of its significance. Bastin thought that if those things down there were really the remains of aeroplanes, which he did not believe, the statue had something to do with flying, as was shown by the fact that it had wings on its head and shoulders. Also, he added, after examining the face, the head was uncommonly like that of the idol that he had blown up. It had the same long nose and severe shut mouth. If he was right, this was probably another effigy of Oro which we should do well to destroy at once before the islanders came to worship it.

Bickley ground his teeth as he listened to him.

"Destroy that!" he gasped. "Destroy! Oh! you, you—iconoclast."

Here I may state that Bastin was quite right, as we proved subsequently when we compared the head of the fetish, which, as it will be remembered, he had brought away with him, with that of the statue. Allowing for an enormous debasement of art, they were essentially identical in the facial characteristics. This would suggest the descent of a tradition through countless generations. Or of course it may have been accidental. I am sure I do not know, but I think it possible that for unknown centuries other old statues may have existed in Orofena from which the idol was copied. Or some daring and impious spirit may have found his way to the cave in past ages and fashioned the local god upon this ancient model.

Bickley was struck at once, as I had been, with the resemblance of the figure to that of the Egyptian Osiris. Of course there were differences. For instance instead of the crook and the scourge, this divinity held a torch. Again in place of the crown of Egypt it wore a winged head-dress, though it is true this was not very far removed from the winged disc of that country. The

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

wings that sprang from its shoulders, however, suggested Babylonia rather than Egypt, or the Assyrian bulls that are similarly adorned. All of these symbolical ideas might have been taken from that figure. But what was it? What was it?

In a flash the answer came to me. A representation of the spirit of Death! Neither more nor less. There was the shroud; there the cold, inscrutable countenance suggesting mysteries that it hid. But the torch and the wings? Well, the torch was that which lighted souls to the other world, and on the wings they flew thither. Whoever fashioned that statue hoped for another life, or so I was convinced.

I explained my ideas. Bastin thought them fanciful and preferred his notion of a flying man, since by constitution he was unable to discover anything spiritual in any religion except his own. Bickley agreed that it was probably an allegorical representation of death, but sniffed at my interpretation of the wings and the torch, since by constitution he could not believe that a belief in immortality could have developed so early in the world—that is, among a highly civilised people such as must have produced this statue.

What we could none of us understand was why this ominous image with its dead, cold face should have been placed in an aerodrome, nor in fact did we ever discover. Possibly it was there long before the cave was put to this use. At first the place may have been a temple and have so remained until circumstances forced the worshippers to change their habits, or even their Faith.

We examined this wondrous work and the pedestal on which it stood as closely as we were able by the dim light of our candles. I was anxious to go further and see what lay beyond it; indeed we did walk a few



"There suddenly appeared what looked like a gigantic man."

paces, twenty perhaps, onward into the recesses of the cave.

Then Bickley discovered something that looked like the mouth of a well down which he nearly tumbled, and Bastin began to complain that he was hot and very thirsty; also to point out that he wished for no more caves and idols at present.

"Look here, Arbuthnot," said Bickley, "these candles are burning low and we don't want to use up more if we can prevent it, for we may need what we have got very badly later on. Now, according to my pocket compass, the mouth of this cave points due east; probably at the beginning it was orientated to the rising sun for purposes of astronomical observation or of worship at certain periods of the year. From the position of the sun when we landed on the rock this morning I imagine

THE QUIVER

that just now it rises almost exactly opposite to the mouth of the cave. If this is so, to-morrow at dawn, for a time at least, the light should penetrate as far as the statue, and perhaps further. What I suggest is that we should wait till then to explore."

I agreed with him, especially as I was feeling tired, being exhausted by wonder, and wanted time to think. So we turned back. As we did so I missed Tommy and inquired anxiously where he was, being afraid lest he might have tumbled down the well-like hole.

"He's all right," said Bastin. "I saw him sniffing at the base of that statue. I expect there is a rat in there, or perhaps a snake."

Sure enough when we reached it there was Tommy with his black nose pressed against the lowest of the tiers that formed the base of the statue, and sniffing loudly. Also he was scratching in the dust as a dog does when he has winded a rabbit in a hole. So engrossed was he in this occupation that it was with difficulty that I coaxed him to leave the place.

I did not think much of the incident at that time, but afterwards it came back to me, and I determined to investigate those stones at the first opportunity.

Passing the wrecks of the machines, we emerged on to the causeway without accident. After we had rested and washed we set to work to draw our canoe with its precious burden of food right into the mouth of the cave, where we hid it as well as we could.

This done we went for a walk round the base of the peak. This proved to be a great deal larger than we had imagined, over two miles in circumference indeed. All about it was a belt of fertile land, as I suppose deposited there by the waters of the great lake and resulting from the decay of vegetation. Much of this belt was covered with ancient forest ending in mud flats that appeared to have been thrown up recently, perhaps at the time of the tidal wave which bore us to Orofena. On the higher part of the belt were many of the extraordinary

crater-like holes that I have mentioned as being prevalent on the main island; indeed the place had all the appearance of having been subjected to a terrific and continuous bombardment.

When we had completed its circuit we set to work to climb the peak in order to explore the terraces of which I have spoken and the ruins which I had seen through my field-glasses. It was quite true; they were terraces cut with infinite labour out of the solid rock, and on them had once stood a city, now pounded into dust and fragments. We struggled over the broken blocks of stone to what we had taken for a temple, which stood near the lip of the crater, for without doubt this mound was an extinct volcano, or rather its crest. All we could make out when we arrived was that here had once stood some great building, for its courts could still be traced; also there lay about fragments of steps and pillars.

Apparently the latter had once been carved, but the passage of innumerable ages had obliterated the work and we could not turn these great blocks over to discover if any remained beneath. It was as though the god Thor had broken up the edifice with his hammer, or Jove had shattered it with his thunderbolts; nothing else would account for that utter wreck, except as Bickley remarked significantly, the scientific use of high explosives.

Following the line of what seemed to have been a road, we came to the edge of the volcano and found as we expected, the usual depression out of which fire and lava had once been cast, as from Hecla or Vesuvius. It was now a lake more than a quarter of a mile across. Indeed it had been thus in the ancient days when the buildings stood upon the terraces, for we saw the remains of steps leading down to the water. Perhaps it had served as the sacred lake of the temple.

We gazed with wonderment and then, wearied out, scrambled back through the ruins, which, by the way, were of a different stone to the lava of the mountain, to the mouth of the great cave.

(End of Chapter Nine.)



The Children's Christmas

The Christmas *Little Folks* is full of good things for the children—Christmas stories, Christmas pictures, Christmas "Editor's Den," etc. Buy a copy for your children, and—better still—give them the Half-yearly Volume for a Christmas present.



"Miss Peggy," he said, "you've given me the happiest Christmas Day I've had for years!"—p. 137.

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

THE CHRISTMAS "CARD"

By

ETHEL TALBOT

"SCOOT!" said Clarice.

So I scooted; if you'd a ripper of a sister like I have, who paid your school fees, and scrimped like anything to do it, well, you'd do anything you could for her. Clarice did it by being a music-teacher—in a hateful school, too, not a patch on St. Thorn's, where I go; she never *wanted* to teach; she'd have done marvels, so her professors said, at swell concerts and things, for she plays the violin divinely; but, as we're as poor as church mice since dad died, she just couldn't. So, instead, she took a berth to hear kids bang out scales all term-time, and then she and I could go away together for the hols. She didn't *put* it that way—the banging, I mean, and the kids; she said she liked it. But I *knew* she said that because she thought I'd mind if *she* minded; well, that's the sort Clarice is!

I said we'd nobody, but I wasn't count-

ing Ralph; he'd been engaged to Clarice for years and years and years, and it seemed then as though they'd go *on* being engaged for years and years more; fact was, they'd hardly got a red cent between them.

Of course you're *thinking* that Ralph ought to have been at the Front winning medals; well, he'd been, of course, but he'd come back without a single medal and with a lame leg; *that* seemed to put the lid on everything. Ralph had been a tutor, and of course there must be such things as lame tutors, but, all the same, no one seemed to want Ralph; here he was knocked out, and without a single prospect in the world; and—he'd written to tell Clarice so.

For it's wonderful how you can tell what's in a letter without seeing anything but the person who's reading it. I saw, of course, that Ralph's jolly firm fist was on the envelope, so I knew *that* much; then

THE QUIVER

Clarice tore it open and began to read, and I watched her. It was five minutes after that that she told me to scoot; I scooted, as I told you, and that gave me plenty of time to ponder in the bedroom.

For we were in rooms, in Brighton, you know, and we'd thought ourselves jolly lucky to be there for Christmas; generally Clarice and I simply scrimp and scrape in our wreny flat in town; but this year she'd got a berth in the orchestra at one of the hotels on the front. It didn't bring in much, considering that Cis's playing is scrum, but just enough to have a month at the seaside in the tiniest rooms. We'd made up our mind to enjoy Christmas frightfully, though, and to have Ralph down for the week-end, and to—— But it wasn't any good thinking of the chicken and things that we'd chosen already in our minds from a certain shop in St. James's Street, for I was perfectly certain now that something beastly had happened.

Presently I was more than positive, for I heard Clarice give a sort of sob from behind the folding doors.

After that you needn't think that I stayed out of the room, for I couldn't; I went in, just as though I'd heard nothing, and began fiddling with the pens. "Coming out, old thing?" I said.

"No," said Clarice, recovering like magic.

"Fact is, I've got a bit of a headache."

"Air'll do it good," I said, going to the window.

"Oh, Peg!" said Clarice, and then she told me everything; how Ralph had written that he wasn't going to spoil her life any longer; how he'd no prospects, and how she must give him up; and how there was no prospect of their ever being married in all their lives, and so they'd *better* give it up. She'd finished crying before the end, but that made things almost worse than ever, for there was a look in her face that seemed to me worse than crying; and I didn't know what to do.

"Look here," I said. "There's two sides to that game, old girl; you're not going to give *him* up."

"I—don't know," said Clarice; and then she began to cry again. "Perhaps it would be fairer to him," she said; "for, you see——" And then she sobbed and sobbed.

The whole thing seemed a muddle to me, and a pretty ghastly one. Both of them

seemed likely to throw each other over because they were fond of each other; a regular game of cross-purposes, at least that's what *I* thought; but then I'm fifteen and not supposed to have an opinion. Anyhow our Christmas Day was biffed; for Ralph wasn't coming, and—— "I say, Clarice," I said; and to tell the truth I nearly blubbed too.

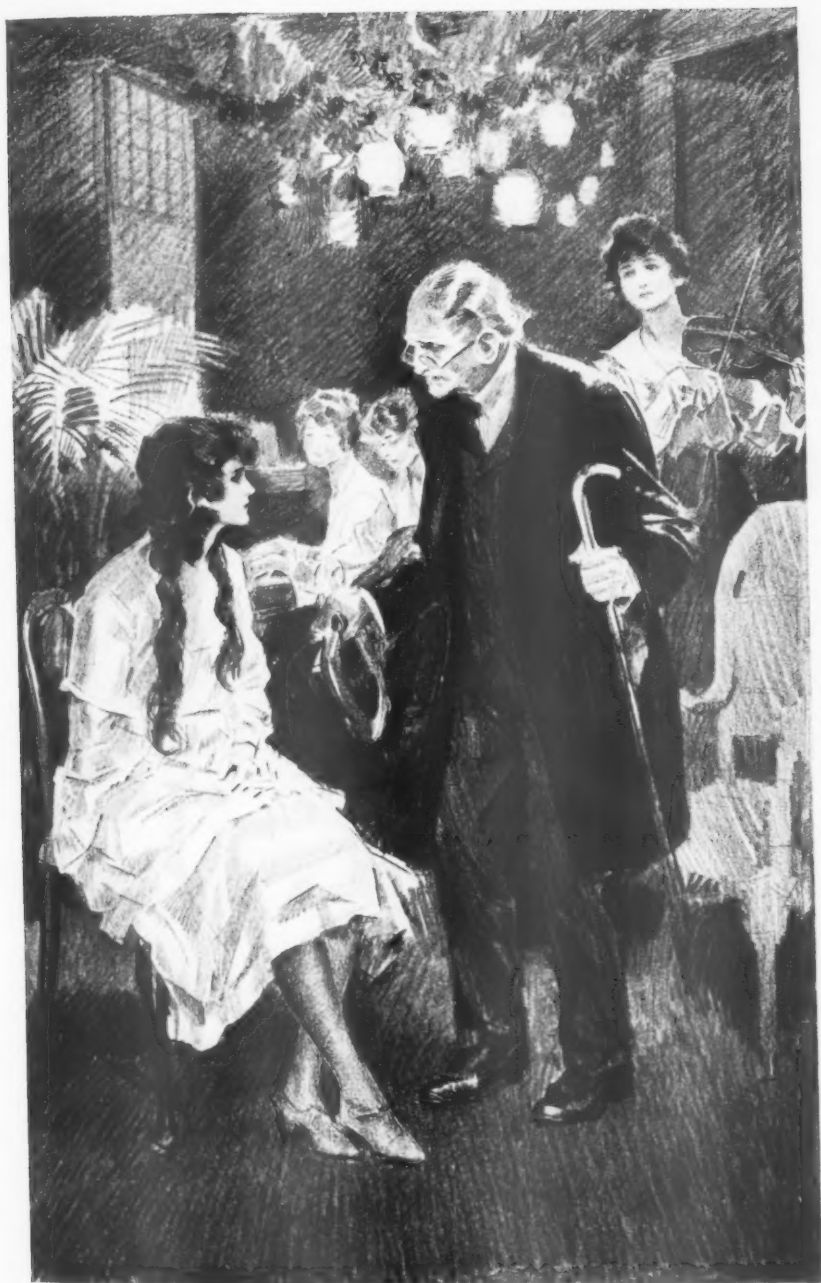
Cis cheered up at that, on the surface, you know, and we both went and stared out of the window. "Worst of it is," she said, "that I've been and ordered the chicken, and Mrs. Todd's made the pudding; they have to be made early." I knew that it wasn't really the "worst of it," but that she was just putting it that way; the real worst thing was that we should have to eat them all alone in a positively dreary manner with the thought of Ralph before us, as they say in books. It was just at that instant as I was thinking this that the quaintest old man came posting down the road.

Now our window looks out on the front, and we'd been awfully pleased to get it, of course; unfashionable end, but who cares, *every* one's interesting; by this time we knew the next-door people by sight, and all the rest of the street. "I say, Peg," said Clarice with an awfully brave gulp, "that's a quaint old card!"

So he was, the queerest old chap in a pilot coat; he drove down the street bent double against the wind—it blows right up Atlingworth Street from the sea; he seemed frowning and muttering to himself as he went by. "Wonder where he's lodging?" said Cis.

"Doesn't look as if he could afford much," I said, for truly he was as shabby as could be. Then we dropped the subject of him, for really we'd only been talking about him to try and drive out the thought of Ralph that kept banging on our heads all the while; and we went to get ready to go out.

That was the day before Christmas Eve. Clarice was due to play at the hotel at three o'clock, and to tell the truth I was a bit glad when she'd gone, for I wanted to think things out; it would have been plain to an idiot, and so it was plain to me, that after all *I* was at the bottom of everything. If only there hadn't been *me*, with education and clothes and things, they



"So—it was all a fabrication!" he said"—p. 136.

Drawn by
Stanley Drola.

THE QUIVER

could have got married somehow. Clarice would have boxed my ears if I'd suggested such a thing to her, but it was true all the same, and I wondered whatever I could do. That was *one* thing, then there was the ghastly Christmas dinner; we should have to have it, and without Ralph. If only we knew someone we could ask!

Well, whatever d'you think I did next? I stuck on my outdoor things and went out, thinking that perhaps I'd see someone I knew and invite them; everyone knows Brighton, and so everyone must go there some time or other; well, if only one of the St. Thorn's girls would have come along, or—I was thinking that as I marched down the front; then I sat down with a bang on one of the green seats and laughed out loud, for *of course* everyone has their own dinners to eat on Christmas Day, and it wasn't likely that anyone would want to come and share Clarice's and my bony chicken and the half-pay pudding.

"What's the joke, young lady?" said a quite new voice.

I started, and then I felt rather pleased, for—quite close on the seat was sitting the identical old pilot-coated man, Clarice's "quaint old card." He was staring at me from behind his goggles, and I rather liked his face.

"It's," I said, "it's not a joke—at least, not exactly," and then I told him—part of it.

"Hum," he said—didn't seem to hear it hardly; he just sat and stared out at the sea, and then, all of a sudden, an idea came romping into my head.

Why shouldn't *he* come to our Christmas dinner? It was perfectly certain that he wouldn't have much of one himself, by his looks; and if Clarice had him to attend to she'd not be so miserable without Ralph. I'd seen "sherry" advertised at eighteenpence a bottle at the chicken shop, and I suddenly thought that I could afford that, and—it'd be a bit of a Christmas party. "I say, would *you* come?" I said suddenly.

"Hey?" said the "old card," so I asked him again.

Well, I expected him to accept at once, but he didn't; he kept asking questions. I suppose it was rather strange to be asked out to dinner by someone you've never seen before. But I gave him the address, and said how we'd be pleased to see him at

half-past seven; and I told him about the rather thin chicken and the half-pay pudding, and he didn't seem to mind; but he said he'd come.

I didn't say anything to Clarice when she came home, for there was no time; they'd asked her at the hotel to play there after dinner that night, and she suggested that I should come too.

"You'd be dull here," she said. "And there you can sit in a corner of the lounge and watch everyone, and listen, and we'll go home together. Put on your nicest frock."

So I did. I was frightfully glad that she had something to do to keep her mind off things; and I put on the muslin dress I wore on Speech Day, and it looked quite all right. Both of us went off together, and we got to the lounge just before anyone came up from dinner.

Cis played splendidly—she always does, I'd been watching the frocks and the people till she began, and then I stopped and just listened to her. It was a kind of Hungarian thing that she was playing, and I knew she was thinking of Ralph. I began to think of him, too, and of how hateful everything was, and how much better it would be if there hadn't been me to educate, and all that, when suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and there was the "card"!

He was still dressed in his pilot coat, but I hardly noticed that; what I did see was that he was shaking with rage, and he nearly frightened me out of my wits.

"So—it was all a fabrication, a tissue of lies!" he said, and more words to that effect.

I simply stared.

"Why, whatever," I began, with my eyes popping straight out of my head, and then I stopped, for I thought he was mad. Luckily Cis had stuck me in a corner away from everyone, and no one could hear him.

"Oh, no doubt it is the way of the world nowadays, but it is a very ill way for all that. Foolish old man that I was, I took your words for truth, but—you were laughing at me in your sleeve! Fourteen Atlingworth Street, and an invitation to dinner on Christmas Day! Oh, very funny indeed, young lady! No wonder you laughed," and he turned and left me.

I sat and shook till Cis came to take me home, but I thought, too, as I shook. At

THE CHRISTMAS "CARD"

first I couldn't think what he meant, and then I began to guess. He must have thought that I was staying at the hotel, and that I'd made up our real address and the invitation as a kind of beastly joke. My face simply burned at the idea, as if I *could*! Of course, he'd no idea, seeing me sitting there in the lounge, that I was just as penniless as he was, and—— For the matter of that, how did he get there himself? I asked Cis that, for I told her the whole story on our way home.

She was quite distressed, and said that I'd better not go to the hotel again, anyone could come to an hotel she said, if they just asked for coffee or something; lots of people did, and just sat and listened to the music.

And the next day I felt perfectly frightful, not that I showed it, because Cis must have been feeling just as bad, but when she'd started for the hotel I simply howled.

"If only someone'd adopt me," I thought, "ju't till I can earn my living. Then I shouldn't be in the way to stop people's engagements, and to make an ass of myself by trying to put things right all wrong." And when I was in the very midst of my howls the front-door bell began.

"Not for us," I thought, and went on; and then, oh horrors!—"Mr. Lennox," said the landlady from outside, and ushered in—the "card"!

Well, I wonder what you'd have done. I couldn't stop howling, even in my surprise, so I didn't.

"I—I must apologise," he said. "I am a peppery old man, and—— In fact, my dear," and then he cleared his throat, "I made inquiries at the office of the hotel, and——"

"Oh, then you know! Cis is at the hotel now, playing, and, well, I'm glad that's off my mind," I said, trying to talk briskly like a book, and then, if you'd believe it, I began to howl again. And between my howls I told him all the whole story. He was poor, too, so I thought he'd understand; and he did—about Cis and Ralph, and my education, and everything.

"I'm most awfully glad you came," I said when he was going. "And—you'll come to dinner all the same to-morrow, won't you?" and I smiled at him out of my frightfully red eyes.

"Hem! I shall be delighted," he said, and he went away.

And, next morning, the skies fell, or at least I wonder they didn't. It was murky and cold, and Cis and I were in bed when the post came, and it brought just a letter for Cis.

"Oh, Peg!" she said before even she'd finished it. "Listen!" and she began to read out bits, and it was from Ralph.

He'd had an offer by telegram, he said, to come down to Brighton for an interview next day for an excellent secretaryship, "far beyond his highest expectations." He would be down by the six o'clock train, and "if I get it——" Then Cis didn't read any more, but her eyes told me the rest.

"Who's offering it?" I said, pretending not to notice too much.

"Lennox is the name," said Cis.

"Lennox!" I said. I nearly hopped straight out of bed. "Why, whatever does it mean?"

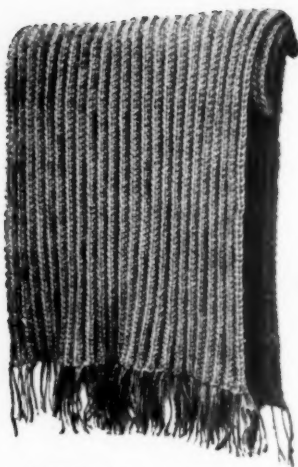
But we knew that night, for they both came to dinner—Mr. Lennox and Ralph. Everything was perfect—the thin chicken, and the lemonade, and the half-pay pudding. But perhaps that was because all the bothers had come right. It was silly of me, I suppose, not to have guessed that Mr. Lennox was not so awfully poor as he looked, but anyhow I'm glad I didn't, for if so, none of the things would have happened as they did.

"Miss Peggy," he said, when he lifted up his glass of lemonade after the half-pay pudding was taken out. Then he looked at me, there was no one else to look at, really, for Cis and Ralph were looking at each other, "Miss Peggy, you've given me the happiest Christmas Day that I've had for many years," he said, "and I've the prospect of a good secretary"—here he glanced at Ralph—"and——" then he stopped. "You told me that you wished to be adopted," he said.

"She doesn't," said Clarice, springing quite up and looking away from Ralph. "She belongs to me."

"I truly said it," I owned, for I had, "but it was because——" Then I saw that Clarice's ripping blue eyes were all filled with tears. "Look here," I said. "Let's adopt *him*," I nodded across at Mr. Lennox. "You and Ralph will have to go and live near him when you're married, and——"

So that's what we arranged.



A Hand-knitted Silk Scarf.

ably ask for "comforts" of one kind or another. Too prosaic? Oh no, they need not be. They can be choice as well as comforting. Try these two, and see how he likes them for his days and evenings off duty. Thick woolies are fine in the trenches or for country wear, but see if silk does not make its appeal.

A Hand-knitted Silk Motor Scarf

Use Peri-Lunta Pearl-knit size 3 in a Khaki shade and a pair of knitting needles, No. 10, either bone or steel. If a lighter weight is required size 5 could be used instead.

Having got the thread, you will find careful working and some perseverance will provide one of your very best gifts.

Cast on 97 stitches.

Knit 2, purl 2 all along, and knit the odd stitch at the end.

Every row is the same, the first stitch being slipped as for purling, and tightly drawn so as to make a good firm edge. The odd stitch makes a happy variation to the usual ribbing of knit 2, purl 2. The stitch on

HAND-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

**A Selection of Really Practicable and Appealing
Articles**

By NORA WALDRON

FIRST, for the man at the Front.

What would he like best? If he could speak for himself he would prob-

ably ask for "comforts" of one kind or another. Too prosaic? Oh no, they need not be. They can be choice as well as comforting. Try these two, and see how he likes them for his days and evenings off duty. Thick woolies are fine in the trenches or for country wear, but see if silk does not make its appeal.

ably ask for "comforts" of one kind or another. Too prosaic? Oh no, they need not be. They can be choice as well as comforting. Try these two, and see how he likes them for his days and evenings off duty. Thick woolies are fine in the trenches or for country wear, but see if silk does not make its appeal.

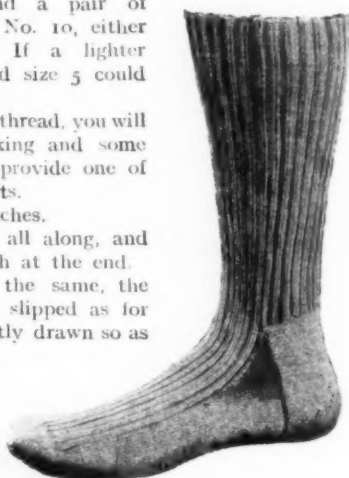
Continue working until the scarf is the desired length, or until all the silk is used but about 15 yards, which will be needed for the simple fringe. The model scarf took the whole hank, and measures 47 inches.

For the fringe, cut 98 lengths of thread, double the length of the depth the fringe is to be. For the model a length of 5 inches was used.

With a fine bone crochet hook, or a steel one of about size 3, draw one of these threads through each upper stitch of a rib, first doubling the thread to give the middle point. Take out the hook and draw the two ends through the loop just formed. Draw tightly, but without pulling the knitting. Experiment will soon show how deep to go in inserting the hook.

Turn the scarf over, and do the same in all the new ribs now uppermost. If desired, the fringe can be knotted, the right-hand strand of one group being tied with the left-hand strand of the nearest group. The simple fringe, as illustrated, is quite as effective.

Treat the other end in the same way, and the scarf is ready for wear.



A Gift "he" will appreciate when home on leave.

HAND-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

A Pair of Silk Socks

The illustration cannot show half the charm of these socks. But he who has undergone the rigours of active service will revel in a few such luxuries as can be enjoyed when on leave.

The model sock is made of Pearsall's Extra Quality Knitting Silk, Shade No. 182, Khaki.

For a pair of socks, three reels (costing 4s. 3d. each) will be required, and a set of No. 16 needles. It is always advisable to purchase enough silk to finish the work, as nowadays, due to dyeing difficulties, an exact match in shade cannot be guaranteed.

Cast on 132 stitches, 44 on each of the three needles, and join to make a round. It is a good plan to have the casting on in double thread, so as to give a nice firm edge. To do this, begin with a loop on the first needle in single thread about three yards from the end. Do 44 stitches with double thread on this needle, and each of the two others. Put the single stitch by the one last added, and knit these two together, drawing the thread as tightly as possible. This is the best way of preventing a space at the junction. Care must always be taken when working with silk, which is very smooth, and slips along the needles more than wool. When passing from one needle to another, the thread must always be drawn tightly.

Rib in knit 2, purl 2, for a depth of 8 inches or for any length desired. If the leg is made any longer than 8½ inches, another reel of silk may be required. There are no narrowings, the fit depending on the elasticity of the ribbing.

The Gusset Heel

For the heel, take 66 stitches, beginning

and ending with knit 2, on to one needle. Divide the remaining 66 equally on two others, and leave these two unworked.

Knit the 66 stitches for the heel. Turn, and purl them, slipping the first stitch. Draw the thread as tightly as possible at the beginning of each row. Be careful not to stretch the stitches at the end of the two hanging needles, as this would give rise to a hole when picking up the stitches later. If this does occur, a few darning stitches will be necessary, but the need for it may be avoided with care.

Repeat these two rows on the 66 stitches 26 times, that is, until 54 rows are done for the heel. Knit the 55th row, and on the next one begin to take off the heel.

Purl 36, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn.

Knit 8, decrease (by slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped stitch over it), knit 1, turn. The first stitch must now be worked, and no longer slipped.

Purl 9, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn. Knit 10, decrease, knit 1, purl 1, turn. Purl 11, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn. Knit 12, decrease, knit 1, turn. Purl 13, purl 2 together, turn. Knit 14, decrease, knit 1, turn. Purl 15, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn. Knit 16, decrease, knit 1, turn. Purl 17, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn. Knit 18, decrease, knit 1, turn.

Continue similarly, always adding another stitch to the number worked on the previous row. To avoid the need for counting, work up to the stitch that

immediately precedes the gap made by the last turn. It is always the two stitches between which the gap occurs that are taken together. When all the stitches are worked in, giving 36 on the needle, pick up and knit from the left side of the heel 28 stitches. In addition to these purl 2 from the next needle, keeping the thread quite tight,



A Hot-water Bottle Cover makes quite a Novel Present.

THE QUIVER

Work 60 stitches from the hanging needles in ribbing on to the second needle.

On the third needle work the four remaining ones, tightly, in knit 2, purl 2, pick up and knit 28 stitches from the right side of the heel, and knit on to this needle 18 stitches from the first needle

The Foot

There are now 158 stitches on the needles, 48 on the first, 60 on the second, and 50 on the third. The last 2 of the first needle, all of the second needle, and the first 4 of the third, are continued in ribbing to the taking off of the toe.

The narrowings for the foot are done at the end of the first and at the beginning of the third needles, on alternate rounds. At the end of the first needle leave 4 stitches. Knit 2 together, purl 2. At the beginning of the third, knit 2, purl 2, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped stitch over. Do a round without narrowings, and then narrow again in the same way, and at the same points.

Repeat these two rounds until there are 120 stitches on all round. Work without further narrowings as long as required for the foot, that is, the complete length less 2 inches

The Round Toe

Knit 2 together, knit 6 all the way round. Knit 7 rounds. Knit 2 together, knit 5 all the way round. Knit 6 rounds. Knit 2 together, knit 4 all the way round. Knit 5 rounds. Knit 2 together, knit 3 all the way round. Knit 4 rounds. Knit 2 together, knit 2 all the way round. Knit 3 rounds. Knit 2 together, knit 1 all the way round. Knit 2 rounds. Knit 2 together all the way round until 10 stitches remain.

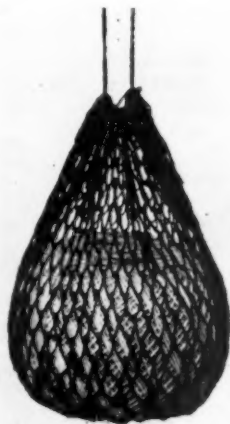
Cut the thread, and with a darning needle draw these tightly together and darn in the end on the inside.

It will be seen that the numbers given do not exactly conform to the rules for knitting a sock in wool. The slight changes made give a much improved shape

For Baby

The hot-water bottle cover illustrated shows a charming little present for baby, whether boy or girl! Never were hot bottles a greater comfort than this year!

It is made of cream wool, and decorated in pink and green. The work is plain tricot, which serves as an excellent foundation for cross-stitch. This is not recommended for the largest size of bottles, as the holding of the work becomes difficult if there are too many stitches on the hook.



A Netted Bag for Carrying Crochet Cotton.

The materials required to make one like the model are an ounce of Harrap's cream vest wool, a soft 4-ply wool, a skein of Peri-Lusta Filo Art E117 pink shade, No. 161, and one of green shade, No. 236, and a bone tricot hook eight inches long, with the hook of suitable size for the wool. An ordinary hook will not do, as tricot needs a long straight hook like a knitting needle, with a knob at one end, and a hook at the other.

The cover is made to slip over the rubber bottle, a tab passing through the handle, and fixing it in position by means of either a snap fastener or a loop and button. The length of the cover is eight inches, and the width

six and a half. The work is done lengthways.

Foundation—Chain 36.

1st row.—Miss the chain next to the hook. Insert the hook in the next one, and draw a loop through. There are now 2 stitches on the hook. Draw a loop through the next chain stitch, making 3 on the hook. Repeat this process till all the 36 have been worked.

2nd row.—Draw the working thread through the first 2 loops on the hook, taking care not to draw it tightly. Continue similarly, drawing through 2 stitches at a time until all are worked off, and only one stitch remains on the hook.

3rd row.—Insert the hook in the end one of the upright loops that are seen on the face of the work. Draw a loop through, making two loops on the hook. Insert in

HAND-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

the next upright loop, and draw through, making three loops on the hook. Continue similarly to the last stitch, and before drawing a loop through this throw the working wool over the hook. This is to make an increase for the shaping.

4th row.—Draw through one stitch only, then continue, as before, drawing through two at a time till only one remains. Now that two complete pattern rows are done the size can be computed. If too long or short for the side of the bottle, take off or add the requisite number of stitches to make it correct. The number of stitches to make an inch in width in the model is six.

5th—16th rows.—Work as directed alternately for the 3rd and 4th rows, adding a stitch at each end of each journey.

17th row.—Insert the hook in the second, not in the end one, of the upright loops, and do not throw the wool over before working the last stitch. There are 50 stitches on, and no more are to be added.

18th row.—Draw through two at a time, all along.

19th—54th rows.—Like 17th and 18th rows alternately. Do more here if the width of the bottle requires it. If you should need fewer rows here, count up the number of rows worked from the foundation, add the number required to balance the depth of the increasing, seven, and see if it is wide enough for the rose-buds and

the name. Each rose-bud needs nine spaces. These should present no difficulty, though a longer name than Monica may do so. In that case the word BABY may be used.

55th row.—At the end, draw the loop through the two last upright stitches at the same time. This will decrease a stitch.

56th row.—Draw through two stitches each time to the last three, and work these three off together, reducing a stitch at this

end also. Continue reducing a stitch at each end similarly until 36 remain.

Do four rows, that is, two rows of pattern without increase or decrease, and then increase again at each end till there are 50 stitches on.

Work these 50 for the same depth as before, and then decrease at the bottom end just as before.

At the top, the tab is made for the fastening, beginning two rows before the decreasing begins at the bottom.

Increase one at each journey for five rows, and then decrease two in each of the next two rows.

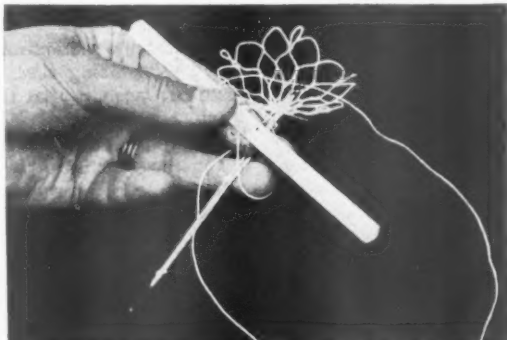
On the next row leave six unworked.

Continue decreasing at each end until 36 stitches remain.

Work double crochet all round to join the side and bottom, and up the other side and round the top to make it match.

With the Peri-Lusta, threaded in a small rug needle, work the cross-stitch rose-buds and desired lettering.

Sew on a snap-fastener or a button and loop. And that finishes another dainty gift.



Showing the detailed working of the Netted Bag.

For Older People

So many of all ages are needle-workers that work-bags, needle-cases and such working conveniences will be suggestive.

A Netted Bag for Crochet Cotton

All kinds of fascinating things can be

done with netting, and this little bag makes a fine first exercise. Try it and see for yourself what interesting work netting can be.

You will need a rather fine steel netting needle, and a mesh a quarter-of-an-inch in width. Two thick knitting needles used side by side would do instead of a mesh while you are trying "to see how it works." Later on you will want a variety of meshes.

THE QUIVER

The bag illustrated is made of Perilusta crochet cotton No. 10 in a useful shade of ecru.

Take a length of the cotton, say about 12 inches, tie into a ring, and pin it to your knee. Or, if preferred, use a longer length taken round the foot and brought up to an easy reach of the hands. Thread the needle, not too fully, or it will not pass easily through the holes if a fine mesh is being used.

Tie the end of the working cotton threaded in the needle firmly to the prepared loop. Hold this loop in the left hand with the thumb above and fingers below. Place the mesh close to it in the position shown in the working illustration.

With the right hand draw the working thread towards you, over the mesh, over the first three fingers of the left hand, lying easily in position, back again under the three fingers and the mesh, and a little over to the left, so that the thumb can press it lightly on the mesh and keep it in position.

Let the working thread lie well away from the mesh and bring it round towards the right when the needle is inserted. Push the needle into the loop on the three fingers, which must be kept rigid. The needle goes above the fingers, below the mesh and under the foundation thread.

Now comes a most important use for the little finger. As the right hand draws the needle through, the little finger of the left hand catches the new loop formed. The old loop is released from the three fingers, and the new loop is held firmly while the needle is drawn well to the right.

The stitch is finished by a steady pull of the working thread held between the right thumb and first finger. The little finger will gradually be drawn towards the

mesh to prevent knots forming at the back, and must only be withdrawn at the last moment when the stitch is being knotted tightly in position.

Do twelve stitches in a similar way, working towards the right end of the mesh. Slip them all off to the left. If you find they do not slip, your hand has been drawn too tightly, a common trouble with beginners. To obviate this, keep the working loop rather more to the right when drawing up the thread. Tie up the foundation thread,

making a star-shaped ring of stitches. The first stitch of the second row will need care to get it well placed. It is a help to pin three of the loops farthest away from you firmly to your knee, as this gives you a better pull.

For the second round work a stitch into each loop, instead of

into the same foundation thread as on the first round, doing three and releasing two from the mesh, so that there is no pull sideways.

The third round is like the second.

On the fourth round increase in every alternate loop, by working two in one loop.

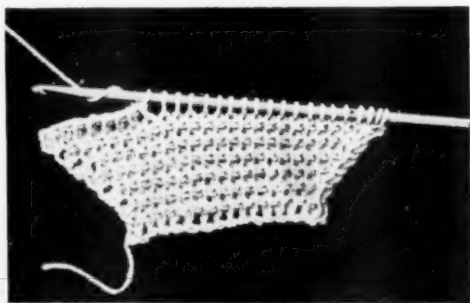
The illustration of the work shows the fifth round just begun. The needle is about to be inserted into one of the increase loops.

Continue working round and round until the bag is big enough. If it is merely for a ball of crochet cotton there are enough stitches on. If a larger size is desired, do two plain rounds and then another round of increasings as before, working the double stitches in the alternate loops.

Work the last round over a narrower mesh, or a thick knitting needle.

Work a draw-string in simple chain, and thread it through the last row.

The cotton used in the working illustration is Arden's Ivory, medium shade, No. 24.



From this it is seen how the Hot-water Bottle Cover is worked.

Miss Waldren will be pleased to reply to any correspondence addressed to her, c/o the Editor.

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(Some typical extracts from letters)

(50) Sergeant Corrie, late A.S.C.—“Owing to shell shock I had nervous breakdown and sleeplessness, but Phosferine is doing wonders for me.”

(68) Private J. H. Frankland, E. Yorks Regt.—“I was a nervous and bodily wreck through typhoid and dysentery, but Phosferine enabled me to regain my health.”

All these dauntless fighters exemplify the great part Phosferine plays in enabling them to overcome suffering and the most extreme exertions. No special effort exhausts the energy of these valiant men, no extra hardships break down their endurance, because Phosferine recharges their systems with the vitality to survive all the rigours daily experienced.

(6) Gunlayer H. W. Rooke.—“I find Phosferine a very beneficial and splendid nerve remedy.”

(30) Lance-Corporal W. O'Connor, Dublin Fusiliers.—“I was blown up and buried, and when rescued was speechless, nervous, and sleepless, but I am rapidly recovering—thanks to Phosferine.”

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WHEN THE DAY GROWS LONGER

By
THE EDITOR

NO man knows the day on which the child Jesus came into the world, but the Birthday of our Saviour has been fixed by mankind for the 25th of December. Some may say this was arbitrarily fixed upon; I think it was most happily chosen, and for this reason: Right through Autumn into Winter the days are ever shortening, the dark nights lengthening, until at last on December 22nd we reach the shortest day. Then there is a pause: the long winter Night holds its icy hand on the Day, and the sunlight grows no longer—until on Christmas Day, when, by one short minute, the battle is won, the tide is turned. Henceforth the days grow longer, the dark decreases. Slowly, but surely and irresistibly, the light has conquered, and will conquer until it emerges into Summer's most glorious Day.

At the Turn

The Festival is curiously well chosen this year. We have been through the longest night in very truth. It almost seemed at last as if Night would conquer Day, and the icy hand of despotism sway the world. The shortest day has come—and gone. Now we know that the battle is won. The news has been almost too good to be true: for the first time for these five unhappy years we can see the shadows receding. There will be troubles and anxieties, hitches and setbacks, but henceforth steadily the day must lengthen until at last full Peace shall reign.

What should be the attitude of our hearts towards this?

Those old primitive peoples who watched the receding of the sun with

so much anxiety and dread were quick to note the passing of the night. Their first impulse was one of thankfulness—and hence the placing of Yuletide just where it is in the calendar as a festival of gratitude.

Our Festival of Thanks

This Christmastide, in spite of our own individual sorrows and losses, our attitude of mind and heart cannot but be one of overwhelming gratitude. In the first place we cannot help giving thanks for the success that has been given to our arms. When we remember the military position last Easter, when we think of the previous breakdown of Russia, the serious menace of the U-boat campaign, we must render our tribute of thanks to God for seeing us safely through the deep waters.

But more than that we need to show our thanksgiving for moral as well as material success. In fighting such an enemy as Germany we always had before us the danger of imbibing his spirit whilst defeating his ends. You cannot touch pitch without being defiled. All the more is it a cause of gratitude that President Wilson, by his idealism and insistence on just and righteous aims, has lifted us all to a higher moral plane. To the President of the United States it has been given to express all that is highest and noblest in our war aims. He has stamped with his high authority the best aspirations of humanity. He has won himself the leadership among the Allies not by weight of invective but by the righteousness of his conceptions. Is this not something to be thankful for?

We are deeply grateful for the prospect of peace. Our hearts are

cheered at the certain hope of the destruction of militarism and all that it stands for, and at the official recognition of the longing of mankind for the day when men shall indeed turn their swords into ploughshares.

The Something More

How are we going to show our gratitude? The idea of a Christmas festival of mere eating and drinking—however curtailed by the Food Controller's regulations—seems singularly inappropriate this year, and I must confess that the mere passing on of gifts to one's relatives and friends strikes me as a very inadequate expression of one's thankfulness. The times demand something more. It will be far more fitting, and will do our hearts good, if we can, each of us individually, render some splendid, spontaneous act of service to those who have not the same advantages that we enjoy—particularly those who have wellnigh lost their all in this terrible war.

To the Sorrowing

I know that you, my reader, have been bruised and crushed by the loss of your nearest and dearest: I know that your impulse is to withdraw into yourself, to pass the Christmas festival in bitterness of heart or weariness of soul. Is there not a better way? Cannot you, who have lost your dear one, translate your gift of motherhood, or fatherhood, or friendship, into the fine, sweet, spiritual love of some unloved and untended soul? I am not talking religious platitudes. I have seen the mother whose heart was frozen by the loss of her son, and have seen her softened, renewed, revitalised, by taking to her broken heart a poor waif who had never known the love her fallen son had enjoyed. Cannot you, who have loved so much and lost so much, make stepping stones of your grief, and pass on to greater things?

Even to the bereaved there is the occasion for the rich offering of sacrificial love, and to one and all of us there is the opportunity of uplifting our hearts and rendering thanks to God by pouring out our gifts on His altar.

A Work of Love

One hesitates, among the scores of worthy appeals that are being made, to suggest an object for alms. Personally, I have been moved by the subjects of Mrs. Lock's appeal in our own Army of Helpers. As she tells in another place, I accompanied her on the little trip to the Barnardo Boys' Garden City. I came away deeply impressed with two things: In the first case with the truly Imperial conception of the work among the boys—it is a place where the wastage of human life is being turned into the man-power of the future. In the second case I marvelled at the spirit of love, the individual tending of each different soul, that seemed to permeate the work.

Dare I hope that my readers will realise the desire of our hearts, and make this QUIVER Bed a fitting memorial of our gratitude for national mercies? I leave the matter with my readers.

This is but one of the avenues that are open for the tokens of our gratitude. As usual, I shall be only too delighted to receive and pass on contributions to any of the charities making appeal in our columns this month.

There only remains for me to wish each of my readers a deeply Happy Christmas, and a New Year of Peace and Joy. May we each one of us strive to make the shadows decrease, and the light lengthen out to the Perfect Day.

The Editor

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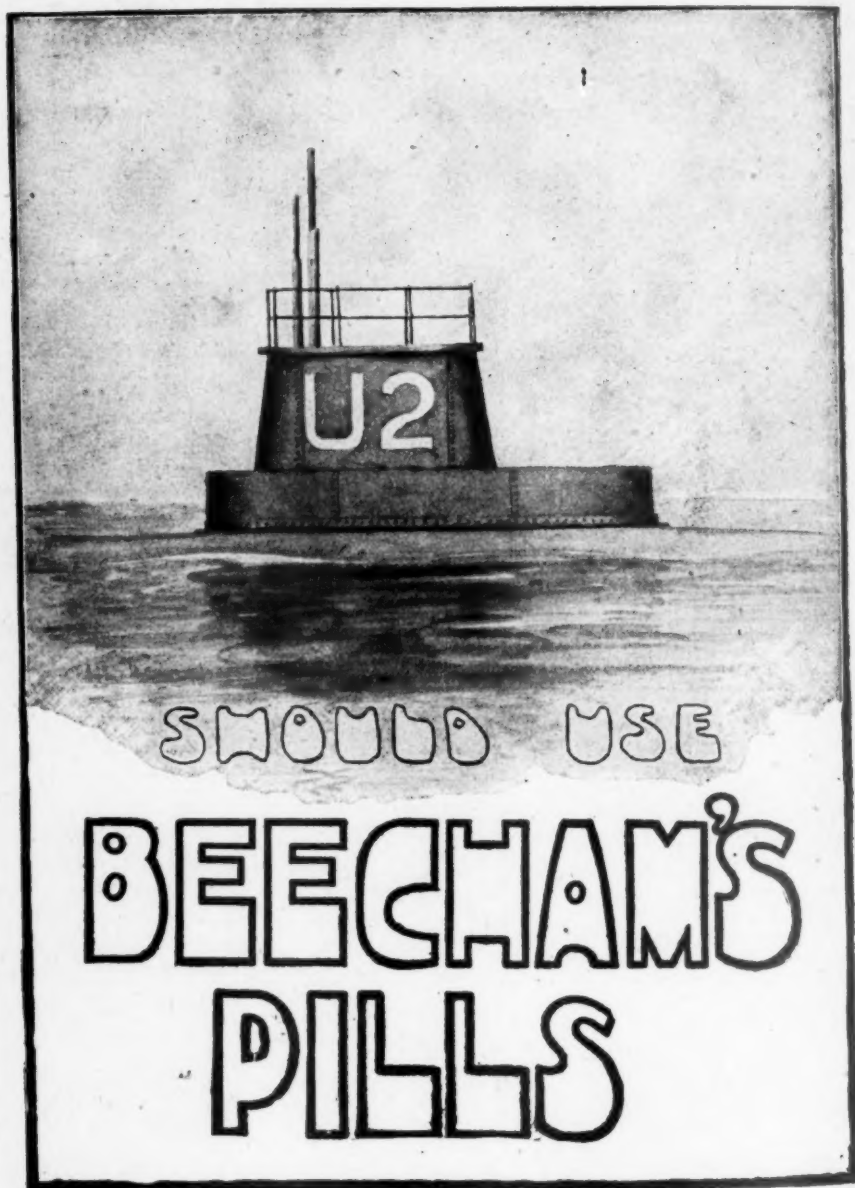


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CHANGE IN THE CHRISTMAS MENU

You may not be able to have Turkey—but keep the Christmas Feast

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

ONCE again Christmastide has arrived, and once again the children are joyously "breaking up" for the holidays with a cheery anticipation of the good things which are always forthcoming at this season of the year. Once again, too, mothers are planning and scheming that there may not be disappointments, for Christmas is a "red letter day" in the life of every child, and, rations or no rations, the national Yuletide customs must be observed as fully as the circumstances permit.

No Turkey?

Now with regard to culinary traditions—and it is with such affairs that this article is concerned—one may confidently state that on Christmas Day, 1918, comparatively few households will boast of turkey or the "roast beef of Old England"; but these, after all, are of secondary importance to children. The crowning joys of Christmas dinner to young folk are undoubtedly the plum-pudding and mince pies, and if by hook or by crook sweets which resemble as nearly as possible the succulent concoctions of pre-war days can be achieved, any discrepancy in the first course of the meal will be willingly overlooked and forgiven.

Christmas Day falls this year on a Wednesday, which position in the week has both advantages and drawbacks. "A whole week of Sunday dinners to be provided," I recently heard a not too capable housewife wail when the subject was under discussion. This was, however, not the view taken by another more optimistic mother, who replied, "Yes; but at any rate there are days when one can do the shopping in between the Sundays, which is not the case when Christmas Day falls earlier or later in the week."

Some Practical Suggestions

The first problem that presents itself for solution to every housewife is whether the

meat rations shall be drawn for the Sunday preceding Christmas Day, or, taking advantage of the period of grace, shall the coupons be hoarded and a feast of beef or mutton be reserved for the 25th? Some persons will, no doubt, consider themselves very clever and draw two weeks' rations on the 24th, but a little reflection will disclose the extreme selfishness of such a proceeding, and the entire absence of the goodwill which we profess at this season. In common fairness to the rest of the community the meat ration should be drawn on the usual day, and dishes, which if not couponless nearly come into this category, be provided for Christmas and the ensuing Bank Holiday.

Think of the Children

We are all agreed that at all times Christmas is primarily the children's festival, and I think at present everyone feels that the only possible way of being festive is to regard it from the children's point of view. Now food from the standpoint of a grown-up is a matter of acquired personal taste, but most children are absolutely satisfied if some dish that is out of the common groove of their menus decks the board to celebrate a special occasion.

A Fried-Fish Christmas?

Some young folk of my acquaintance consider a meat pie as the very height of gastronomic bliss, whilst another family of youngsters vote for fried fish when on rare occasions they are permitted to have a voice in the selection of dinner. Doubtless the reason in both and other kindred cases is that the particular dish is but seldom forthcoming, and is therefore regarded in the light of a special delicacy. In accordance with the very true axiom that "anticipation is better than realisation," or, at any rate, enhances it, and in order that the selection of such an important item shall be unani-

THE QUIVER

mous, give the children a list of possible dishes and let them make their own selection.

Pie or Ham for a Change

The suggestions might include: Rabbit, fish or vegetable pie, fried cod, plaice, fresh haddock, etc., sausage toad-in-the-hole, curried fish, rabbit or eggs, with the addition of any special family favourites. A large majority will certainly vote for pie, and with the increased margarine ration, a proportion of lard ensured, dripping always available, together with the flour, which is almost up to its pre-war standard of fineness and whiteness, there is no difficulty as far as the crust is concerned, while rabbits for one or two coupons and bacon unrationed will provide a delicious and substantial meal at no great cost.

Writing of bacon reminds one, with thankfulness, of the greatly improved quality of this meat. A small ham, cushion or gammon will probably be served hot at many a Christmas table, and if accompanied by a tureen of parsley sauce, sprouts or cabbage and delicious floury potatoes (the vegetables rendered all the sweeter by reason of the time and labour spent on the allotment), constitute a meal that should please any person privileged to partake of such succulent fare.

The Christmas Pudding and Mince-meat

Walking through the provision department of some large stores recently revealed the fact that thousands and thousands of puddings in tins and basins were awaiting customers—civilian customers, for the Government Commissariat Department has promised that every soldier and sailor shall have his half-pound ration of pudding on Christmas Day.

The average British housewife scorns to break away from the pudding and mince-meat made from the time-honoured family recipe; but these are extraordinary times, and most of us will have to put aside personal feelings for once and buy our plum-pudding in a tin. It is true that the Food Controller has promised the release of a certain quantity of dried fruit before Christmas, but at the time of writing the fruits have not been delivered to my grocer, though possibly other localities have been

more fortunate. Even supposing the currants, raisins and sultanas were available, some important alteration must be made to suit the ingredients to war conditions. For instance, fresh eggs, even if one can afford them, should not be used, they are needed for far more valuable purposes.

Dried eggs are plentiful, and they are excellent for puddings and many other uses if the directions for soaking, etc., are carefully followed. If syrup or treacle can be obtained these are splendid substitutes for both eggs and sugar, and the pudding will lose none of its lightness or flavour.

Emergency Mince-meat

A war emergency mince-meat can be made thus: Peel, core, and mince two large apples. Put into a lined saucepan with a tablespoonful of chopped suet, two tablespoonfuls of fine breadcrumbs, and moisten with syrup or treacle. Add a few currants or sultanas cut in halves, and a little candied peel, also spice according to individual taste. Cook for a few minutes until the syrup has melted and the ingredients are well mixed. When cold use as a filling for pastry cases.

It is unfortunately beyond my powers to suggest a substitute for dried fruits, but candied peel is within reach of everyone who likes to carry out the following directions, which have kept my household provided with this useful commodity for some months past.

Take as many oranges and lemons as are required and divide the peel of each into six or eight segments before carefully removing from the fruit. Let the pieces of peel lay in a basin for three days covered with cold water to which has been added a good pinch of salt. Drain well, then throw into a pan of boiling water, and cook till the peel can be easily pierced with a knitting needle. Lift on to a sieve and drain again. Put half a pint of cold water and half a pound of sugar into a lined saucepan, boil to a syrup, then place the peel in the liquor and simmer gently for half to three-quarters of an hour according to the thickness of the peel. Lemon peel takes more cooking than orange peel. Drain the peel on a sieve, placing a plate underneath so that none of the precious syrup is wasted. Any syrup that is left over can be reserved for making

CHANGE IN THE CHRISTMAS MENU

a further store of candied peel, and in order to avoid evaporation, the peel can be candied in a covered casserole in the oven or in the ever-useful hay-box. As soon as the peel is thoroughly dry it should be placed in an air-tight tin lined with paper. When required, shred as usual.

The Question of the Christmas Cake

With home-made candied peel, dried eggs, syrup and the spasmodic appearance of dates, dried fruits and crystallised cherries, it should not be impossible to compound a cake important enough to figure at the Christmas feast. Here is a recipe for a good spice cake: Mix together 1 lb. sieved flour, a saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of ground ginger, cinnamon and grated nutmeg, and 2 oz. shredded candied peel. Put 4 oz. lard and eight tablespoonfuls syrup into a saucepan, and when warm add to the dry ingredients. Dissolve one teaspoonful of bicarbonate soda in a teacupful of milk (warmed) and stir into the cake. Mix very thoroughly, turn into a greased cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours.

Yorkshire Parkin

Yorkshire Parkin is always liked, and is a splendid stand-by in these days, as the necessary ingredients are generally forthcoming, though the preserved ginger which adds so much to the flavour is not always procurable. Note that this luncheon cake contains neither sugar nor eggs, two useful omissions.

Put 1 lb. sieved flour into a basin and mix with it a pinch of salt, flavourings of ground ginger and allspice. Rub in 3 oz. each of lard and dripping, then pour in four tablespoonfuls of warmed syrup and the same quantity of treacle. Lastly, add a level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a teacupful of warmed milk. Bake in a moderate oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. The flavouring of the cake can be varied by omitting the spices and substituting ground caraway seeds, or, as

these are scarce, get dill seeds and grind them to the finest possible powder in a coffee mill. The dill seed powder tastes exactly like caraway powder, but it is more pungent (perhaps because the seeds are freshly ground), and a tablespoonful will be found sufficient to flavour a cake made with the above quantities. A little home-made candied peel gives an excellent finish to a cake flavoured with caraway or dill seed powder,

Cake without Syrup

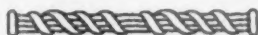
These cakes both call for syrup which, alas! like most other commodities, is often impossible to obtain. At such times the following recipe will be useful: Take 6 oz. each of finest oatmeal and sieved flour, mix well together, add a pinch of salt, and rub in 3 oz. each of lard and good clarified dripping. Add 2 oz. brown sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, and 4 oz. candied peel. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a teacupful of warmed milk, stir in one tablespoonful of vinegar, and beat well into the cake mixture. Put into a well-greased tin and bake in a hot oven for two hours.

War-Time Macaroons

I recently came across this recipe for war-time macaroons. I have not yet tried it, but it certainly reads as if the result should be delicious, and I dare say some of my readers will like to experiment with a view to furnishing their tea-tables during the festive season.

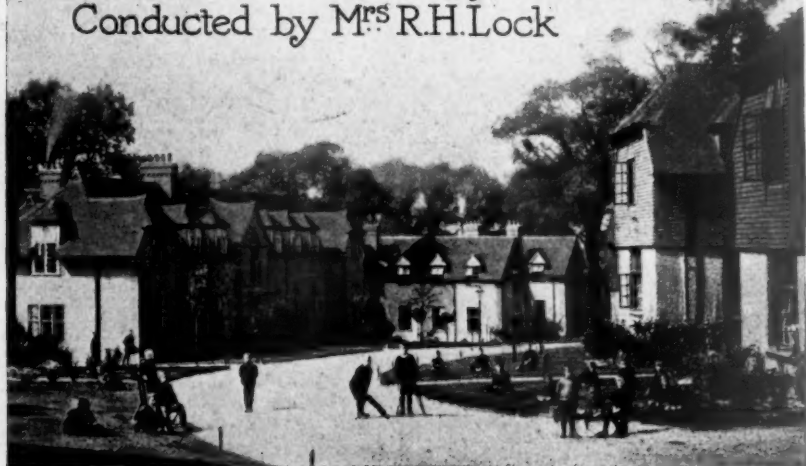
Put half a pound of desiccated coco-nut into a basin and stir in enough sweetened condensed milk to produce a stiff paste. Sprinkle in half a teaspoonful of baking powder and mix this into the paste quickly. Rinse an eggcup with cold water and fill with the paste, turn out on to a greased baking tin. When all the paste has been used put the tin into a moderate oven and bake the macaroons until they are golden brown. Stored in an air-tight tin these cakes should keep fresh for several days.

(Mrs. St. Clair will be glad to reply to inquiries if a stamped addressed envelope is sent.
Address, c/o THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London. E.C.4.)



The Quiver Army of Helpers

Conducted by Mrs R.H. Lock



"Britons have ever fought well for their country, and their country's Cause is the high Cause of Freedom and Honour. That fairest earthly fame, the fame of Freedom, is inseparable from the names of Albion, Britain, England; it has gone out to America and the Antipodes, hallowing the names of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand; it has found a new home in Africa; and this heritage is our glory and happiness."—ROBERT BRIDGES.

A New Nut for the Helpers to Crack

MY DEAR HELPERS,—I told you last month that I had a new scheme to put before you. I am asking you to help me in assisting

Dr. Barnardo's Boys' Garden City

It is always a source of regret to me that most of my readers have to see the objects for which I appeal through my eyes. There is so much more satisfaction, so much more direct interest, in seeing things for oneself. Still I will do my best.

The very rainiest, most unpromising day in September saw my first introduction to Dr. Barnardo's work. It had always been present to my mind as a solid piece of well-doing, a tried and trusted achievement of one disinterested man, unimpeachable as the Bank of England, and a valuable asset to the Nation both before and during the war. But in a busy life one cannot see everything, and "Barnardo's" was amongst those organisations destined to be seen

"some day." The "some day" had arrived, and I defy anyone to choose a worse one for seeing a Garden City. However, it reminded me of some past happy days in Kerry which the Irish gardener always designated as "saft"—days on which you sank into the ground with a squelch as you walked, and the mist blotted out everything. The thought of the green mountains and the peatscent and the bog-cotton came to me with those strange tricks of memory, as the Editor of *THE QUIVER* and I set out for Woodford Green from Liverpool Street, and strange to say the vehicle with which Mr. Paget, the Governor of the Garden City, met us at Woodford just fitted in with my train of thought. It was exactly like the weird and wonderful one-horse shay, known as an "insoide" in the south of Ireland.

In Dashing Style

The horse, harnessed to the "insoide," took us along at a dashing rate—fortunately, Mr. Paget appeared to be a skilled Jehu—and we spun along green lanes to Gwynne House, a gift from Charles II. to the fair and famous Nell, so it is said. In this pleasant, old-fashioned, rambling house live the Governor and his wife, and around them lies the Garden City in which at the moment

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

646 boys are living. In five weeks recently the Home admitted 195 children, of whom 92 were the children of soldiers and sailors.

Next month I shall describe to you the pleasant spot in which these boys live. But this month I must just indicate the special appeal I am making to you.

The demands on space at the Garden City have been so great that difficulties seemed ahead, when by great good fortune an adjoining property of 10 acres and a large house, Roding House, were put up for sale. They were bought at a cost of £3,250 by a generous friend of the Home, who gave them anonymously in memory of his son—killed in action. This splendid gift makes the area of the total estate 50 acres in all, and adds this roomy house for the accommodation of 40 boys. The additional 10 acres have already been put under cultivation for potatoes and other vegetables. The boys themselves cultivate all the ground at the Garden City, and the crops obtained are remarkable both for quantity and quality.

The 40 beds in Roding House require endowment. That is the appeal to which I direct my helpers. Each bed can be endowed for £500. I want THE QUIVER readers to name a

"'Quiver' Army of Helpers Bed"

It is a big enterprise, but with goodwill I feel we may accomplish it. I don't want you to be daunted by the amount. If every reader of these pages sent a small sum we should have the £500 in a few months. Several pounds are welcome, but so are several shillings or several pence. I want you to realise that this is a piece of "Empire Work" that you are helping—not a mere industrial home scheme. Dr. Barnardo aimed at and achieved far more than that. It is fifty years ago since he began his work. During that time he rescued 85,286 destitute boys and girls. And in the years before the war those

children who were trained for useful and practical lives overseas were migrated at the rate of 1,000 children a year. Of the children who crossed the sea to the Dominions and Colonies, 6,218 are in the overseas contingents.

In all there are 10,356 old Barnardo Boys fighting by sea and land.

Now that the eyes of all are turned towards the dawning end of the war, the work of "migration" becomes a possibility of the future once more. During the war it has been impossible. Meanwhile in the Garden City the boys rescued from destitution and evil surroundings are learning the principles that will fit them to be useful, honourable sons of the Empire. They are acquiring, too, not only book learning, but also first-hand knowledge of work on the land in Great Britain or overseas. These are the boys who will help to take the places of those gallant boys from this country and overseas who gave their lives on the heights of Gallipoli, on the burning sands of Mesopotamia, and on the fields of France and Flanders.



A View of the New House recently acquired for the Garden City Scheme.

We who have their memories to cherish cannot perpetuate them in a better way than by helping to fit other boys to follow their glorious example.

This work we can feel we have done when in Roding House there exists a brass tablet recording "THE QUIVER Army of Helpers Bed." I feel that my readers have responded so splendidly already that this new task is not beyond their powers, and

THE QUIVER

that the old "nuts" will not be neglected because there is a new one to crack.

Who will Help Alfred Martin?

I have a very sad and a very urgent case for which I appeal to my readers. It is not a case where money is required. I want to get Alfred Martin, aged 17, into a comfortable Home for Incurables. This is his story, told in the words of the friend who brought his case to my notice:

"When Alfred was nearly fifteen he went as deck-boy on those big cold-storage ships, and loved the life. Then during a bad storm his back was practically broken by some loose gear, and his young life—and he was so full of life—ended. He is paralysed from the chest downwards. He is a big-boned, humorous village boy from Kent. He said when he was fourteen he was always being stopped by a recruiting officer to ask why he was a slacker and not joining up and so on, as he was so big. Since I have seen him my soul has been sore—not so much for his poor back as for his surroundings. He was a year at Greenwich Hospital, then as beds were greatly needed there he was sent through influence to a Home for the Dying. It is splendidly run, but oh! so depressing for the boy. He is so full of life, and he said: 'I should so love to be in a ward with sailors again.'"

Since then I have corresponded with Alfred, and I have been so much struck by his letters. He is an exceptional boy. He bears his terrible trial not only with rare courage, but he can still see the funny side of things. I feel that his example has helped me over many difficult times. I think of this boy—crippled hopelessly in his youth, facing life bravely—and I am ashamed of worrying over small difficulties. In one letter he wrote: "After all, things are not so bad as they could be. I believe everything happens with a purpose, don't you?"

But, poor boy, the depression of his surroundings is telling on him, and he says he must get moved before the winter. You see he is surrounded by poor souls in the last stages of cancer and consumption, and Alfred's case is quite different. I have tried to find a Home for Seamen, but so far in vain. In any case an ordinary comfortable Home for Incurables would be better than this—although, as I say, he has every care and attention. But he wants some young people round him. Moreover, I fear the home itself cannot keep him longer as he is not actually dying, and his place is needed for other cases. He writes an excellent letter, and his last letter in reply to mine recording my failure to find a home was pathetic. He said:

"I can't understand why it is, but do you know I could have gone to several homes only they say I am 'too helpless'? Now tell me, did you ever hear such nonsense? I always thought hospitals and homes were for those who could not help themselves. But still I am not going to worry: some day perhaps the powers that are will find that people who are foolish enough to be helpless want helping."

Now can any reader of THE QUIVER nominate Alfred for a home? He can contribute towards his "keep" if necessary, as he has a small pension as compensation from the company for which he worked, and a friend would give a little help. I do hope someone can help me in this matter. This boy, young though he is, has done his bit, and I long to help him to have a little happiness in the days of inaction that still lie before him. It does not matter in which part of the country the home is, but of course near Kent would be preferable.

I hope for a speedy reply from some kind reader. Alfred is a boy worth helping—a real young hero in his way—unknown and unrewarded—but none the less a very gallant son of the Empire.

Our Second Motor Ambulance

I want a long pull and a strong pull in order that we may secure our second Motor Ambulance. There is still a large sum to be raised. We have not reached half the amount required, which is

£750

However, I hope by next month to announce the result of another parcel.

Please will every reader of THE QUIVER who has not yet contributed send any oddments of gold or silver or articles of jewellery for the Silver Thimble Fund, which will value and sell all the gifts and devote the money to THE QUIVER Army of Helpers Ambulance for the Front.

For the benefit of new readers I may add that we have already presented one ambulance costing £680, The Silver Thimble QUIVER Army of Helpers Ambulance, No. 26, to the London Ambulance Column. It has carried hundreds of cases from the London termini to the hospitals.

No gift is too small, or too large.

Here are a few extracts from letters showing the spirit in which the gifts are sent:

"I trust the enclosed will help your Fund. An old lady, not in good circumstances, asked me to enclose the hair lockets and jet ornaments as a little gift for the boys."—F. G. (Stockport).



At the Dressing Table

BY
MIMOSA.

wax had done the trick without any effort on her part. This wax, it seems, gently peels off all the dead outer skin slowly and imperceptibly while one sleeps, and with the dead skin all lines and wrinkles, leaving the fresh young complexion beneath clear and smooth.

How Millicent Cheated Father Time.

I HADN'T seen Millicent for over three years when I called on her a few days ago. I knew she had taken up munition work at the beginning of the war, and from what I had heard of her from time to time, hard work, early rising, and late to bed, I quite expected to find her looking older, and very much the worse for her three years' work. But far from looking jaded and tired, I found her younger and fresher than when I had last seen her. Her complexion was smooth and clear, and her hair brighter and more glossy than before, while the few wrinkles which I remember had entirely disappeared.

How She Preserved Her Complexion.

AFTER a little persuasion she told me the secret of how she had not only kept, but improved, her looks during the three years in which we had not met, in spite of her hard work and late hours. She told me she owed the freshness of her complexion to the regular use every night of a little plain mercolised wax. This she rubbed gently into the face and neck, leaving it on all night, and washing it off in the morning with warm water. She had entirely given up the use of powder, which she told me she felt sure caused wrinkles, and was using instead a lotion made by mixing an ounce of cleminite in about two ounces of water. This lotion gives a most natural appearance, and is beneficial to the skin, and judging by her complexion I can well believe it.

Removing the Wrinkles.

WHEN I asked what she had done to remove the little wrinkles which I remembered round her eyes and mouth, she told me, "Nothing." The use of the mercolised

A slight Growth of Superfluous Hair.

THERE was another point upon which I was very curious. Millicent used to have a slight growth of hair on her upper lip which, I am forced to admit, entirely spoilt her claims to being considered a pretty girl, and this, too, had entirely disappeared, owing to the use, she told me, of a little powdered pheninol. After two applications, she said, all traces of the growth had disappeared, but as a precaution she had used some tekko paste for a couple of weeks afterwards.

How She Kept Her Hair Bright and Glossy.

TO keep her hair in good condition she had shampooed it regularly every fortnight with a dessertspoonful of stallax dissolved in hot water, then dried it without rinsing (as this is not necessary when using stallax), and given it a good brushing. Every month she gave it a stimulant in the form of a simple tonic. For one week in every four she massaged into the roots every night a tonic made by mixing an ounce of boranium with four ounces of bay rum or eau-de-Cologne.

A Perfectly Natural Colour.

MILICENT had always been naturally pale, and I remarked on the pretty flush which had come into her cheeks. This, she confessed, was not natural (although it had deceived even an expert like myself), but was brought about by using a little pure colliandum, which she applied to her cheeks with a piece of cotton wool. The beauty of this colour was that it appeared absolutely natural, for it deepened as the atmosphere became warmer, just as a natural colour would.

THE QUIVER



TWO 1st PRIZES and One 2nd PRIZE

at the Brighton and Hove Home Life Economy Exhibition, held during this year, were awarded to babies who had been brought up on

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

**BWARE OF
SUBSTITUTES.**

- A.** Joyce Frances Hayler, 13 months. Winner of 1st Prize, (Class 5).
B. Bradley Edmund Bough, 10 months. Winner of 1st Prize (Class 9).
C. John William Scrase. Winner of 2nd Prize (Class 6).

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PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE you can learn, in a few short months, in your own home and at your own time, to play **brilliantly**, from **ordinary music, songs, dances, marches, hymns**, and, above all, the **famous gems of the Great Masters**? My method will save you at **least one half** the time usually given to practice, whilst every moment of study will be vivid with **interest** and **sense of growing mastery**. I guarantee **success** to any average person. During the last seventeen years I have taught many thousands adults of all ages, hundreds of whom had previously **given up in despair**.

A Lady Moderate, on completion of Course 1—*"My playing is totally changed and music has a different meaning to me now. My husband, who has been home on leave, can hear the difference in my playing, and will take a Course with you when he is released from the Army. Your methods are simply splendid and make the piano a delight."*—Mrs. A. E. L. (Thornton Heath).

A Professional Player, four lessons 1—*"Your method on Sight Reading is absolutely splendid. I cannot give your methods enough praise. I am really a transformed pianist: my tone colour and all-round execution have so much improved."*—J. P. M. (Cork).

A Lady Moderate Player 1—*"My Sight Reading has improved immensely and I am no longer nervous when trying over new music."*—Miss H. M. W. (Bristol).

Send to-day for a complimentary copy of my illuminating book—

"MIND, MUSCLE AND KEYBOARD." It explains my methods and shows what others, of every age and stage of progress, say my System has done for their playing, so that **you may judge for yourself what it can do for you**. Give merely on a post card your **full address** (Mr., Miss, Rev., or Mr.), and the word **Advanced, Moderate, Elementary, Player or Beginner**, and the book, with a form to describe your difficulties, shall be sent by return.
H. BECKER, 295 Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C. 1.

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

"We have seen your request in *THE QUIVER* asking for oddments. We have been turning out, and we are forwarding these, hoping you will be able to make them of some use to help our brave boys. We have lost our only son and brother in the war, and we thought we would like to do our little bit for the other boys who are still fighting and doing so well for us."—MRS. AND THE MISSES H. (Birstall).

"Please accept this small contribution of ours with all good wishes for the success of your various objects. We have been very interested in reading the reports in your page, and were infected with a strong desire to help a least a little. My mistress has sorted out the silver and jet ornaments, as they are all things with tender memories attached, and have been treasured for many years, but so long as the boys will benefit she gladly gives them."—MRS. W. H. H. AND E. B. (Pontefract).

And here is a letter and most helpful parcel from far-off Moukden. The Misses Flora and Elizabeth McNaughtan write:

"My sister and I saw the Silver Thimble Fund in *THE QUIVER*, so we began to collect. All the people in East Moukden (foreigners of course, not Chinese) contributed most generously, and others in West Moukden were also very glad to give. I hope this most noble fund will prosper well, and that it will do good to our brave soldiers."

Volunteers Wanted for Children's Care Committees

I have been asked to appeal for volunteers for work on these committees. Anyone who has *four hours* a week to spare for this work of national importance would find ample scope—would feel that she is employing the time in the best possible manner. At the moment helpers in Stepney Green are urgently needed. The work is under the direction of the London County Council. It includes work in connection with the establishment of Thrift Clubs, Boot Clubs, Shoe Clubs, Play Centres, Outings, Country Holiday Fund, Attendance at Medical Inspections, Reporting Cases of Alleged Cruelty, After Care, etc. The Care Committees will instruct volunteers in their duties. Will any reader who feels she would devote a few hours weekly and regularly to this work in the East End apply to Miss Thomas, London County Council, Stepney Green, E.1?

Books for Land Workers

Miss M. Monica Sharp sends me a most interesting report of the work achieved for the Women War Workers' Library. In September, 1917, when the organisation came into being at the urgent request of girl land workers scattered through the kingdom, the organisers had only £1 as capital. But *The Challenge* newspaper gave



National Service on the New Estate,
Boys' Garden City.

publicity to the scheme and so did other papers, and a steady stream of money and of books resulted. Queen Mary herself sent 60 volumes.

There are now 60 branches formed in different parts of the country, and lonely land girls are supplied individually with small parcels.

In the spring of 1918 the Q.M.A.A.C.s and other war workers asked to share the privilege of the Land Workers' Libraries. The result is a joint committee of the original organisation and the Y.W.C.A., so that all women war workers may be supplied with books. The need for books and the joy they bring can be gauged from a letter received from a flax-pickers' camp. The girls were living under canvas, and the books arrived during a wet spell. One girl wrote: "It was a pouring wet Sunday the day after we arrived, and those books about saved our lives!"

I am sure that readers of *THE QUIVER* will look round their shelves and send me a

THE QUIVER

large supply of good novels (cheap editions, not paper) for our women war workers.

I am also always glad of magazines (in good condition) for soldiers and sailors, and girls' books, school stories, nature books, etc., for the Club for Deaf Working Girls in Marylebone. I received a most appreciative letter from the Librarian in return for our last parcel. She asked me to thank all kind readers of THE QUIVER.

Odds and Ends of Wool

Miss P. Lowe (Bobbing) and Miss Grace Lowe (St. Giles' Infant Schools) are both delighted with odds and ends of wool sent to them. Miss P. Lowe's village children are still knitting blankets for invalid soldiers, and the oddments sent to Miss G. Lowe have been made up into cuffs for the children to wear this winter. Her pupils are very poor, and the cuffs are a godsend to the mites on chilly days. I shall be glad of any odds and ends—all colours and lengths are useful; also old wool stocking legs.

Silver Paper and Lead and Tin Foil

I have received some magnificent gifts of silver paper and lead and tin foil. There were 39 lb. of the latter from Sir Francis Fox, 14 lb. from M. C. Berens, 2 lb. from Miss Roberts, and various smaller but very useful amounts from other kind friends. Every ounce is helpful. The result of sales goes to the Fund for Disabled Men of the Mercantile Marine.

Gay Bags

I shall be glad of a further supply of Gay Bags for soldiers and sailors in hospital. These bags should be made of gaily coloured saten or cretonne, and should be about 12 inches by 14 inches, with a drawstring round the top.

St. Dunstan's Hostel

I hope to make another appeal for the Hostel early in 1919. Meanwhile I have to thank many helpers for welcome gifts, among them the pupils of Miss Thorp, Fulthorpe House, Norton-on-Tees, who realised the splendid sum of £7 5s. by an entertainment given in aid of the blinded soldiers.

A List of Welcome Gifts

Kind gifts for the Silver Thimble Fund, St. Dunstan's Hostel, the Blinded Soldiers'

Children's Fund, Gay Bags, Silver Paper, Fur and Gloves for Glove-Waistcoat Society, Pictures, Books, Wool, etc., have been received from:

M. Graham Hogg, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Withers, Mrs. A. Maynard, Miss A. Bailey, T. O. U. (leather waistcoat, most welcome), Mrs. Livingstone, Mrs. Garner, Miss Fry, Miss E. B. Hoskins, Mrs. Clogg, B. Headrick, the Misses McNaughtan, Miss G. Glynn, Anonymous (Bristol), Miss Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Humphries, the Misses Hewlett, M. E. Elliott, M. Berens, Miss Eliz. A. Gascoigne, Mrs. Gayer, Mrs. Morges (Welshpool), Mrs. Birmingham-Tyrell, Mrs. Bushe, Mrs. Plumtree, Miss Rankin, Mrs. Hall, F. Keeble, Miss Cordell, Mrs. Lincoln Hurst, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Bashford, Mrs. Dyke, A Reader of THE QUIVER, Miss E. Cunningham, Miss M. A. Marr, "Ulster," Mrs. E. P. Windrum, Mrs. Ernest Lambert, A Well Wisher (Whitechurch), Mrs. L. Balory, Mrs. Garraugh Williams, Miss Harriett M. Holcombe, Miss K. B. Marquis, Miss H. Beoley, An Old Reader of THE QUIVER, Miss Hampton, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Carrington, Mrs. R. G. Hanks, Miss A. Hilton, M. W. Weddell, Miss Agnes Brown, Mrs. W. H. Hall and Miss E. Briscoe, Mrs. W. W. Webb, Miss Annie White, Miss Alice Sheppey, Mrs. Pinniger, Elizabeth Dunn, Miss White, "Pansy," Anonymous (odds and ends of wool), E. E. Marsh, Miss V. Alexander, "Sparrow," Mark Standing Winston, Miss Ashford, M. M. (Mosag Moor), Sarah Carr, Anonymous (books and gloves), Miss E. M. Mather, Mrs. Baynes, Miss Morison, Mrs. Belcher, Miss Nelson, Semiquaver (Bristol), B. Woolwright, G. A. Jermyn, Miss M. Porter, C. G. Hunter, the Misses Boosey, Mrs. Robertson, Miss E. Murgatroyd, Miss J. B. Readman, Kathleen Austens, Miss Garrard, Miss Sharpley, Mrs. A. Young, Miss N. Sharpley, Miss Mercy Jefferys, Mrs. J. W. Thomson, Miss L. D. Reid, Mrs. Buckton and Miss Collinson, A. McPhail, the Misses Pim, Mrs. Cross, "Brighton," Mrs. Fenton Taylor, Miss L. Gillilan, Miss Minnie E. Davison (Toronto), A Sympathiser, Mrs. Edlington, M. E. Beale, Miss Moir, Mrs. Hayman and Miss Emily S. Tabraham, Mrs. and Miss Dinnage, "Ambleside," A Well Wisher, Mrs. John Hobkirk, Dr. Janet Horwood, Mrs. J. N. Stirling, A Friend, D. Collings, H. B. Brown, Mrs. and the Misses Haley, Ella Campbell, Mrs. and Miss Griffiths, Miss Glynn, Mrs. H. Ingram Thompson, "A Widow" (who wrote a most kind letter), Mrs. Stearne, M. A. C. (St. Leonards), Miss Constance G. Bird, Mrs. Mores, C. J. Cris, Beatrice M. Mercer, Gunner H. S. Corbett, Miss Rosemary and Master Carmalt Hardeman Smith, "Thankful" (Dulwich), Miss Bessie Adam, Miss Clarissa Cox, A. Moore Dawson.

Many names are held over till next month. My hearty thanks to one and all.

May I ask correspondents kindly to sign their names very distinctly, and to put Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(MRS. R. H. LOCK).

All letters, donations for THE QUIVER Army of Helpers Bed at Dr. Barnardo's Boys' Garden City, silver and gold oddments for the Silver Thimble Fund, kid gloves and fur for the Glove-Waistcoat Society, books, silver paper, gifts of money for "Philip's" maintenance at the Home for Little Boys, Farningham, and for the "Little Folks" Convalescent Home, Littlecommon, Bexhill, should be sent to Mrs. R. H. Lock, THE QUIVER Offices, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Cassell and Co., Limited.



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THE
PICTURE
OF
HEALTH

HER MOTHER SAYS

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders, and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Tottenham, Sept. 29th, 1915.

THESE POWDERS CONTAIN

EE

NO POISON.

EE

Section for Younger Readers

Conducted by "DAPHNE"

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS

THERE has not been a very brilliant entry for the competitions this time, I am sorry to say. It is true that large numbers of essays for the literary competition were received, but they did not reach a very high standard of excellence, and the entries for the artistic competition, "Something Funny," were the poorest we have ever had. Was it because the competitions were too difficult? Or, was it because people were still away holiday-making, and had no time to bother their heads over competitions and such-like affairs? I rather think the latter reason had the most to do with it. But never mind, holidays are all over now, so I shall expect splendid entries this month to make up.

Result of the Essay on "Cats"

The literary prize goes to EDITH ELLIOTT, aged 17, for the essay printed below. It is not very novel, perhaps, but the composition is good, the information interesting, and the facts are set before the reader in a clear, concise manner that is very attractive. BETTY S. MAXWELL sent in the most original essay—this competitor has a strain of real originality in her work, and usually wins a high place in the competitions—but it was unfinished and disjointed, and showed such lack of care in its composition that it had to be relegated to second place.

* People who receive very high commendations are:

Betty S. Maxwell, Nancy Thomson, K. Topley, M. Hildegarde Walker, Bessie Laws, Vera Wynn-Davies, Ruth Teale.

None of the above competitors were far from being prize-winners. I hope they will all persevere with their literary work. If they do, success will be bound to come to them one day.

The following are commended:

Margaret Biggs, Muriel Corbett, W. Heathorn, Gwendolen Leijonhufvud, Margaret E. Riley, Mabel Jackson, Mary Watts, Marjorie Heard, James G. Fyfe, Iris E. E. Hall, Mary D. Burnie, Gladys Waters, E. M. Pickering, Noëlle Archer, Julia M. Berge, Dorothy A. Kuhruler, Doris Farmer, Winifred F. Smith, Muriel Kathleen Burgess, Gladys Read, Bertha Toovey, Beryl M. Puzey, Flora Whyatt, Marjorie Luke, Alice E. Wilby, Norah Cicely Burgess, Kathleen McLean, Catherine Agnes Park, Christian Milne, Cora H. Garnham, Jean Robb.

The Prize-winning Essay

Here is the prize-winning essay:

THE CAT OF HISTORY

THE domestic cat has been the companion of man since the dawn of society, and has figured in the folk-lore of many nations. The earliest mention of the cat occurs in the monumental figures of Ancient Egypt, where it was sacred to Isis, the moon-goddess, possibly because of its nocturnal habits, and where it was revered to such an extent that Herodotus states people shaved their eyebrows as a sign of mourning when their cat died. Since the cat has long been associated with language and religion, it is strange that it is not mentioned in the Bible. Nor is it known when and how the cat was introduced into Europe; it seems to have been unknown to Classic Greek and Rome, yet silently and surely the domestic cat has made its home in the European chimney-corner.

Several great men besides Sir Richard Whittington have been fond of cats: Mahomet and Petrarch both had their favourite pussies, and Doctor Johnson used to bring his cat oysters when it was ill.

Yet in the Middle Ages cats were hated and feared as being accomplices of witches, and even now the popular mind believes that there is something uncanny about a cat, especially if black.

In Russia, a male black cat becomes a devil at the end of seven years, and in Brittany one which has belonged to seven masters has the right to carry the soul of the seventh as a present to Satan.

EDITH ELLIOTT.

Drawing Competition

As I have already said, the entries for this competition, "Something Funny," were rather poor, both in numbers and quality. Perhaps most people, being unable to think of anything funny enough, decided not to compete. I know it is very difficult to be funny to order, but I wanted

THE QUIVER

to see what you could do, and I must say I expected a much better turn-out than I got! It isn't much use only having easy competitions, you know; we must have difficult ones sometimes. The prize of Half a Guinea is awarded to ISABELLA LOTHIAN, whose drawing is printed in these pages. The picture itself is quite amusing, though the joke at the bottom is rather laboured. I think if I had been the artist I should have chosen a good title for the picture, and not have bothered to supply letterpress.

By the way, I am sorry to say that some of you have not yet grasped the idea that drawings *must not be copied from other drawings*. One competitor sent in a drawing this month which had obviously been suggested, if not actually copied, from a picture by Hilda Cowham. Such drawings are not allowed, and will be at once disqualified.

The following competitors are commended for their work:

Gertrude Budd, Margery F. Child, Dorothy Rowe, Gertrude Breary, Greta Costain.

A Christmas Wish Competition

Christmas is drawing very near now, so I have tried to set competitions suitable for the season. The literary prize of Five Shillings will be given this month for the "Best Christmas Wish," in not more than one hundred words. This is a small allowance of words I know, and I expect some of you will grumble finely, but it is really ample for the subject, and it will enable you to use your ingenuity in keeping within the word limit. I hope to publish one or two of the best wishes, so please let me have some very nice ones to choose from.

There is only one restriction I want to make about your wishes, otherwise they may take any form you choose. We all of us wish that the war may be over by Christmas, so we will take that wish as expressed, and you needn't send in this as your contribution. Otherwise I can see myself sitting down to select a prize-winning letter from a few hundred wishes all exactly alike!

A Christmas Card Competition

We will try and make the artistic competition seasonable too. I hope you will like the one I have chosen. There will be

a prize of Half a Guinea for the best Christmas card received at this office by December 20th. Cards may be in colour or in black-and-white, and they may be in any style you please. Only remember they must be original. You must not make copies of any Christmas cards you may have seen in by-gone years, and you must not copy other people's drawings from any books you may have by you. Is that quite clear to everybody, please?

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written upon one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.
4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope, large enough to contain it. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelopes are insufficient.
5. All entries must be received at this office by December 20th, 1918. They should be addressed, "Competitions," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Christmas Legends

There are very many beautiful legends gathered around the season of Christmas, and I thought it might perhaps interest you if I talked to you this month about some of them. First of all, of course, there is the well-known story of Good King Wenceslas. You all know that, of course? Most of you will have sung it, or heard it sung, in the quaint old Christmas carol. The story goes that King Wenceslas was standing at his castle window one snowy Christmas Eve, when he saw a poor peasant struggling home through the wind and snow. Calling his little page-boy to his side, the King asked who the poor man was, and learnt that he lived over the mountains:

"Close against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' Fountain."

Immediately the good King determines to go himself to the poor man's dwelling-place, carrying with him some measure of Christmas cheer, and accompanied by his page he sets forth, laden with food and wine and good Yule-logs, to gladden the heart of the poor peasant. But the wind blows ever colder and colder, and the night grows darker and darker, and presently the page-

"HEALTH IS THE FIRST GOOD SENT TO MEN."—Herrick, 1648.

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NO SPECIAL DIET—NO DRUGS—NO LOSS OF TIME—
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- 1 Bottle **MASON'S ORANGE WINE ESSENCE**

Each bottle sufficient to make one gallon of delicious **NON-ALCOHOLIC WINE.**

An established favourite at children's Xmas and New Year Parties.

Include a few bottles in your next parcel to the Front.



SECTION FOR YOUNGER READERS

boy's heart fails him. He feels that he can go no farther, and he calls out to his master for aid and succour. And the good King turns at the cry of his small follower, and tells him with a smile :

"Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly,
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

And the story goes that looking on the ground the boy found that his master's words were indeed true. A little green pathway lay across the snow where the saint had trodden, and setting his feet in his master's footsteps the page found that though the winter storm was still raging around him, it had power to hurt him no longer. While he trod in that little green pathway the air was as warm and balmy as on a summer's afternoon. And so he knew that the master whom he so loved and trusted was one of God's own saints, come to show men how to lead a Christian life.

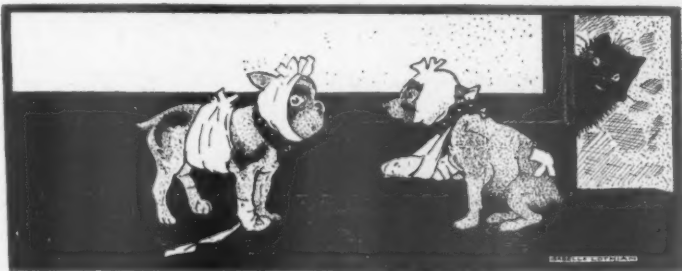
The Glastonbury Thorn

Then there is the story of the Glastonbury Thorn. This tree was supposed to have been planted by St. Joseph of Arimathea, who is said to have come to England after the death of Christ, and have endeavoured to teach the ignorant heathen people whom he found there something of the wonderful Gospel news. The people scoffed and mocked at him, and refused to believe that the marvellous things he told them were true, and at last St. Joseph, moved to anger, struck his rod into the ground, praying to God to give a sign by which he might convince these unbelieving people of the truth of his story. And there, before the very eyes of the astonished multitude, the rod took root and began to grow. It spread and spread until it grew into a great thorn tree, and burst into flower. And after that the people believed the words which St.

Joseph spoke to them, and came to him and were baptised. And the legend says that for many hundreds of years after, the Glastonbury Thorn burst into flower on Christmas Day.

The Story of the Fourth Wise Man

One of the most beautiful of all the legends of Christmas is the story of the Fourth Wise Man. The Bible tells us how three kings came out of the East to worship the new-born Christ, but the old legends tell of a fourth king who also set out on that wonderful journey. He was late in starting, and so missed the star that guided



CATASTROPHIC EFFECTS OF THE LIGHTING RESTRICTIONS
And did the midnight wails, doggedly over you too
As I sat myself down the night before last

The Prize Drawing

Carried out by ISABELLA LOTHIAN.

the other three. He, also, carried with him wonderful gifts to present to the infant King, a ruby red as fire, a sapphire blue as the bluest depths of the sea, and a pearl as pure and white as the snow on the mountain summit. But when this fourth Wise Man reached Bethlehem, he found that he was too late to offer his gifts to the great King. The massacres ordered by cruel Herod had already begun, and Christ had been carried by His parents into Egypt.

Nothing daunted, however, the fourth king set out to follow the Saviour, determined to find Him and lay his offerings at His feet. As he rode through Judea, he heard on all sides cries of mourning from the Jewish mothers, and once he saw a rough soldier attempting to drag a baby from its mother's arms to kill it. Overcome with compassion, the king came to the poor woman's aid, and drawing from his bosom the ruby he carried, he gave it to the soldier on condition that he let the child go free. Then he rode on in his search for Christ.

THE QUIVER

The Sapphire and the Pearl

But he had not gone far when he came to a country which was stricken by a terrible famine. The poor people were dying of sickness and hunger, and the king parted with his second jewel, the wonderful sapphire, in order to buy food for the poor starving creatures. Then, having done all that he could, he journeyed on. Now he had only the pearl left of all the costly treasures with which he had set out on his journey; but although he was sad at heart that he had no greater gift to lay at the feet of the great King, yet he could not regret the use to which the other gems had been put.

For many years he travelled on, always just too late to find Christ in the various places where he wandered. And then one day he found himself forced to part with his last remaining jewel, his pearl of great price. He found a poor slave girl about to be sold to a cruel and brutal master, and in order to save the maiden from the terrible fate that awaited her, he parted with the last and greatest of his treasures, buying the girl's freedom with the precious gem.

Then he went on once more, grieving deeply that he had nothing to offer the King when he should find Him, yet determined never to abandon the search until he had found the Master for whom he had looked so long.

The End of the Journey

Thirty-and-three years the Wise Man wandered through the world, until at last, old and worn and weary, he reached Jerusalem on the very day of the Crucifixion. And there, on the Cross of Calvary, he found the King for whom he had searched so long. Pushing his way through the crowd of rough soldiers gathered round the Cross, he sank down at the feet of his Master, utterly exhausted by his long journey. Tremblingly he made the confession that he had come empty-handed. He had found the great King at last, but he had nothing at all to offer Him.

But had he nothing at all? The legend says that Christ looked down on the man who had searched for Him so long and so faithfully, who had reached Him just in time to offer the worship he had set out to bring so many years ago. *He* knew without being told why the fourth king had come

empty-handed. *He* knew what had happened to the costly gifts with which he had set out on his journey. And from His Cross of suffering *He* spoke the words which took away the load from the man's sad heart:

"Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these, My brethren, thou hast done it unto Me," He said. And the Wise Man knew that his long weary journey had not after all been made in vain.

Don't you think that is a very beautiful story? I think it is my favourite of all the legends connected with Christmas Day.

The Book List

My talk has taken up rather a lot of space, I am afraid; but I must just find room for the Book List, which was crowded out last month. Here are a few titles of books which have been recommended:

"The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," Oliver Wendell Holmes. "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," Oliver Wendell Holmes. "Spray on the Window," J. E. Buckrose (Mills and Boon, 1s. 6d.). "Gay Morning," J. E. Buckrose (Mills and Boon, 1s. 6d.). "Love in a Little Town," J. E. Buckrose (Mills and Boon, 1s. 6d.). "Follow After," Gertrude Page (Hurst and Blackett). "The Golden Age," Kenneth Grahame (Nelson, 2s.). "Wild Life in a Southern County," Richard Jefferies (Nelson, 2s.). "The Path to Rome," Hilaire Belloc (Nelson, 2s.). "An Unknown Lover," Mrs. G. De Horne Vaizey (Mills and Boon, 1s. 6d.). "The British Girl's Annual" (Cassell and Company, 6s.). "The British Boy's Annual" (Cassell and Company, 6s.). "Cassell's Children's Annual" (Cassell and Company, 6s. and 7s. 6d.).

When you send in your book lists I want you to remember that the books you recommend may perhaps be read by quite young people, and so you should always be very careful not to include books of a doubtful character. This does not mean that books must necessarily be only children's books. But it *does* mean that very sensational novels and books in questionable taste should not be recommended.

To Wish You All

a Very Happy Christmas

Now I have nothing more to say except to wish you all a Very Happy Christmas. May it be the last War Christmas we shall have to spend, and may the 25th of December next year find us rejoicing once more in all the blessings of peace

Yours sincerely,

DAPHNE.

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It was so successful in my own case that I no longer have the slightest trace of Superfluous Hair, and I shall be glad to send free to anyone full information to completely destroy all trace of hair, root and all, without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations, and send me coupon below, or a copy of it, to-day,

with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me two penny stamps to cover my outlay for posting. I will also send you other valuable beauty secrets free as soon as published. Address as below.

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or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 2d. stamps.
Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure Superfluous Hair; also details of other beauty secrets as soon as you can. Address, FREDERICK HUDSON, Dept. E 1452, No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

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INDIGESTION

AND OTHER

that they are able to do their work effectively and obtain from the food you eat all the nourishment requisite to keep you strong and vigorous.

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radiant health to the pale cheeks of anæmic girls, gives strength to growing boys, and revitalises the digestive organs of the elders and makes them feel fit and strong. Keep Mother Seigel's Syrup in your home. It is an ideal family medicine.

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The "Swan" Pen is easy to buy, easy to pack, and easy to send. Stocked with nibs to suit every handwriting. Willingly exchanged if the nib is not suitab'e.

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